

The Saturday Review,]
January 6, 1894.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME LXXVI.

PUBLIC LIBRARY,

DETROIT, MICH.

MAY 8, 1894

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

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PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
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NATIONAL RESERVE

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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No. 1,966, Vol. 76.

July 1, 1893.

Registered for
Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

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CHRONICLE.

Coronation Day. THE principal festivity which in London distinguished Wednesday (Coronation Day) was the unveiling by the PRINCE OF WALES, in the presence of the QUEEN and most of the Royal Family, of a statue of HER MAJESTY, executed by the Princess LOUISE, and placed in Kensington Gardens, opposite the Palace. Although the rain was a most unkind master of the ceremonies, they appear to have been very prettily arranged and to have gone off well.

The Loss of the *Victoria*. Just too late for notice here last week, the worst accident which for many years has occurred in the English navy was reported. While the Mediterranean fleet was manœuvring off Tripoli, in Syria, the *Camperdown's* ram drove into and sunk the *Victoria*, with Admiral Sir GEORGE TRYON and some four hundred men, the remainder of the crew, variously estimated at from 250 to 280, being saved. Suitable notice was taken of the accident in both Houses of Parliament, the State Ball ordered for that (Friday) night was at once put off by the QUEEN's orders, and the newspapers, as was to be expected, were full of comment of all sorts, and of volunteered opinions on the cause and nature of the disaster. It can hardly be said that up to the present time these latter have become clear, the accounts being very confused and contradictory. Foreign, even French, comment on the affair has been unusually sympathetic, and among the numerous despatches of condolence by official persons those of the German EMPEROR were particularly warm, as became a British Admiral. Save for the inevitable fulsomeness of some writers in the daily press, home comment, also, was not unbecoming. And, indeed, there is little to be said on the personal part of the matter, save that Sir GEORGE TRYON and the crew of the *Victoria* died as much on duty as if the *Camperdown* had been an enemy, and yet unconquered. It may, moreover, be said to be established that in this crisis—far more trying than that of battle—discipline and behaviour were unblemished. As for the other side, the moral has been pointed a hundred times before, but may still bear sharpening in a fresh form. The old man-of-war was a float, initially buoyant and stable, whose stability and buoyancy were only slightly impaired by her

equipment and armament. The new man-of-war is initially a plummet, whose tendency to seek the bottom is aggravated by her armament, and but partially and precariously counteracted by the mechanical devices of her fitting out.

The Mediter- The Government have made a good selection in choosing Sir MICHAEL CULMESEYMOUR, who for length and distinction of service is probably not surpassed by any officer on the active list, to succeed Sir GEORGE TRYON.

In Parliament. In the House of Lords on Friday week Lord SPENCER had the painful duty of replying to inquiries about the *Victoria*, and Lord ROSEBURY the agreeable one of devoting a few caustic words to the almost unbelievable folly of MM. MILLEVOYE and DÉROULEDE. Lord HALIFAX carried against the Government an address spoiling a little game of the Charity Commissioners for despoiling the Church.

Commons. In the Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE having dealt with the loss of the *Victoria*, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON made some very appropriate remarks on the lost Admiral's merits, and Mr. GOSCHEN, with the general approval of the House, snubbed Sir EDWARD REED's premature inquisitiveness as to causes. The Incubus then once more spread its wings over the House, and Clause 4 was passed; but not before a Government confession or disclosure had been made outweighing in importance the passing of many clauses. Mr. GLADSTONE confessed that nothing would prevent the Irish Legislature from founding and endowing a denominational College or University out of Irish revenue. It was of minor, but appreciable, importance that Mr. WALLACE attempted a free-lance revolt against the Government with a view to the proposed retention of Irish members. At the evening sitting Scotch Home Rule succeeded Irish, and Dr. CLARK had the avowed, though informal, support of the Government, expressed by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. He was, however, defeated by 168 to 150, a result by no means a matter of course in such circumstances.

Lords. On Monday Lord KIMBERLEY informed the Lords of the very important decision arrived at in the matter of the rupee. The House then dealt

with Barbed Wire, *Nullum Tempus*, *In forma pauperis*, and other things, old and new.

Commons. The Commons had rest from Home Rule for a season, and began business with a formal debate and division on "Beterment," which was carried by 216 to 118, most interest, perhaps, being felt in an onslaught made by Sir JAMES FERGUSON on Mr. BIRRELL, whose defence of himself was not too happy. We do not know whether it was the loss of Chaplain MORRIS in the *Victoria* which suggested to Mr. MAURICE HEALY an Irish grievance in the exclusion of Roman Catholic chaplains from the chance of a similar fate. Mr. GLADSTONE's statement about the rupee decision drew certain words of warning from Mr. GOSCHEN; but the matter was not regularly debated. The Naval Estimates having then come on, as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON observed, "in the shadow of a great naval disaster," Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON showed his sense of this by accusing Lord GEORGE of having given somebody luncheon at the public expense. The *Howe* Court-martial had the greatest share of the discussion.

Lords. On Tuesday the House of Lords and the ghost of Mr. JENKINSON were made happy by the reappearance of a Lord HAWKESBURY in the person of the *ci-devant* Mr. CECIL FOLJAMBE, even as though the line of "winking sons" had not failed after all. Lord CROSS elicited from Lord KIMBERLEY the not unimportant information that the despatch recommending Mr. PAUL's scheme for the babooification of that European Civil Service which Lord KIMBERLEY himself has pronounced to be the mainstay of English government was sent out in the teeth of the Indian Council.

Commons. The Commons had still respite from the Incubus, the Army Estimates having their turn, as the Navy had the day before. There was little of general interest in the debate itself. Before it began Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—for once indisputably the right man in the right place—well snubbed Mr. HOWARD VINCENT and his general Bank Holiday for the Royal wedding. A general holiday is a general nuisance; it is quite certain that few wage-earners care to forfeit their wages; and those employers who are rich enough and generous enough to afford both the holiday and the wages do not need any Government action to enable them to give effect to their intention.

On Wednesday the pleased Gladstonians were at last promised their gag to play with. At the beginning of the afternoon (for the toy was not, it seems, quite ready) Mr. GLADSTONE foreshadowed, and at the end Mr. MORLEY brought in, what Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR called an "interesting" proposal for a series of closures if by such and such day and hour such and such parts of the Bill were not carried through Committee. The intervening debate and divisions supplied useful comment. The two chief amendments (on the relation of the Viceroy to the Imperial Government, and on his control of the Imperial forces) were of importance, and they were defeated by majorities of, in the one case 29, in the other 31, or, on an average, not quite one twenty-second part of the whole House. This proportion it is which on and after the several dates is to be able to carry or stifle without discussion proposals of even greater importance than these. And the Gladstonian defence is that the late Government adopted something (though not quite) the same course in reference to two matters of purely administrative or executive detail, Coercion and the PARNELL Commission, of which it was the essence to be done quickly or not at all. Certainly no Unionist can object to the plan, for

it transforms the probable resolve of the Lords to throw out the Bill into an imperative duty, and is a signal and final confession of impotence and wrongdoing.

Lords.

In the House of Lords on Thursday the Royal Assent was given to a large number of Bills, the Sale of Liquors (Ireland) Bill was reported, and there was talk on other matters.

Commons.

In the Lower House, after some time had been taken up by Mr. HOWARD VINCENT's motion of adjournment for a Bank Holiday next Thursday (a motion which on this occasion appears to have considerable support from City bankers), the debate on Mr. GLADSTONE's gagging proposals took place, and—the twelve o'clock rule being suspended—was continued beyond the reporting powers of the morning papers, till four o'clock. This was due to Ministerial obstinacy in refusing (vainly) to adjourn. The main question was introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE, in a speech to which such merit may be allowed as can consist with hopelessly unconstitutional conduct. It was well answered by Mr. BALFOUR, who was followed later, with great vivacity and vigour, by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. BOLTON received a pleasant exhibition of Gladstonian fair-play. But the most interesting point by far was the number of the majority in the division crucial on Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's amendment. It was twenty-seven—almost exactly *four per cent.* of the House of Commons.

Politics out of Parliament. At the end of last week a Parnellite manifesto was issued protesting against the new clauses of the Bill. Mr. LEES's failure to secure Pontefract is annoying, but need not make any Unionist very unhappy. The rather unwise conduct of the petition had created bad feeling against the side which won it; and, as it was, Mr. LEES reduced Mr. RECKITT's small majority of sixty odd to a still smaller one of thirty.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL spoke vigorously at Birmingham on Wednesday and Thursday, and was well received by his old friends there.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. There was still much gossip this day week over the MILLEVOYE hoax, and the German second ballots were beginning.

Disturbances between Hindoos and Mahomedans at Rangoon were reported on Monday, with the occupation by the French in quasi-battailous array of certain islands in the Gulf of Siam. The German second ballots were approaching completion, and there was a great deal more of the most exquisitely absurd detail about the *Cocarde* hoax, in which a Marquis, several Deputies, and a newspaper editor were, or pretended to be, taken in by an English Foreign Office document which spelt "twelve" "twelve," and talked of "currency notes."

By Tuesday morning, out of a total of 361 members returned to the Reichstag, the Army Bill had a majority of 11. NORTON, the French-hearted Mauritian Marseillaise, who has gulled or been suborned by the Boulangists in the matter of the *Cocarde* documents, had made all sorts of contradictory statements. But by far the most important item of news of this class was the decision of the Indian Legislative Council to stop free coinage, and fix the rupee at sixteenpence.

Next day the results of the German elections, which we discuss elsewhere, were practically known. Russia had revived the old question of the Bulgarian indemnity, and Dr. ROBERTSON, the Indian "political" who has been visiting the Hindu Koosh States, had returned with good accounts of their disposition towards England. Golden opinions of Sir GERALD PORTAL's doings in Uganda came from the German traveller Herr

EUGEN WOLFF, with details which show that they are not opinions only. Some interesting details of the projected Mombasa railway were also published. Unluckily the present Ministers, with a large section of their party, are committed against this most desirable scheme.

It was announced on Thursday that, as we anticipated, the French were trying the Foochow game at Bangkok, a gunboat, which had got up to the city before the dispute, being cleared for action.

The colour of news on this question yesterday morning was, however, rather more pacific. It was said that only a protectorate of Swaziland is to be conceded to the Transvaal.

Festivals. Many festivities—a kind of Parliamentary Gaudy at Balliol, Speech day at Rugby, a commemoration of GILBERT WHITE at Selborne, and the Trinity House banquet—took place this day week. At the last (attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, who had previously unveiled a statue to the Duke of CLARENCE, and opened a wing of the Children's Hospital) the loss of the *Victoria* supplied the mournful, and the approaching Royal marriage the cheerful, subject of the speakers. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, on the high rope about the Government and Lord ROSEBURY, was perhaps following great examples in mingling farce with tragedy; yet somehow, considering especially the close connexion of the Trinity House with the navy, we could as lief have spared him.

Sales. The MILDMA pictures, this day week, went high. A RUYSDAEL was bought for the National Gallery at 2,900 guineas, and was doubtless worth the money. But some people might have preferred it if the authorities had filled a more obvious gap in Trafalgar Square by buying, as they might have done for a few hundreds more, the very fine WATTEAU. We are glutted with Dutch pictures, including RUYSDAELS, while the continuous neglect of the French school of the last century is glaring and almost scandalous. The QUEEN'S yearlings sold badly; but the late "Mr. ABINGTON'S" horses fetched a great price, the enormous sum of 14,500 guineas being given for Meddler by an American breeder. During the present week Lord REVELSTOKE'S *bric-à-brac*, plate, &c., followed his pictures, and were dispersed profitably enough.

The Law Courts. Two theatrical, or quasi-theatrical, cases of some interest were reported last week, in one of which Miss EMILY SHERIDAN recovered 600*l.* from Mr. PENLEY for wrongful dismissal in *Charley's Aunt*; while in the other Miss LOTTIE COLLINS had to pay for not having played in a certain music-hall.—We hope that attention has been drawn in the proper quarter to the conduct of a zealous agent of the London County Council who accused a respectable person of misbehaviour to a little child in the Embankment Gardens on what Mr. LUSHINGTON called "ridiculously small evidence," very sensibly adding that, "if the servants of the Council did not exercise more discretion, the public would be afraid to go into the gardens."

SMITH, the Scotch imitator of the ingenious autograph forger in *L'Immortel*, got twelve months' imprisonment at Edinburgh, his works being "castigated" (in the double sense of criticism and punishment) by Mr. WARNER, of the British Museum.—Another respected official of that institution has figured more uncomfortably as defendant in the libel action of RASSAM *v.* BUDGE.—We have reason to believe that critics of some competence and no sentimentalism, both expert and lay, have regarded the evidence which the Ramsgate magistrates have been admitting in the case of NOEL with astonishment bordering upon horror. Duke VICTOR of BROGLIE tells an agreeable story of Lord ELLENBOROUGH—no tender-hearted judge—whom

he took to see a case in a French Court, and who, in a few minutes, grasped his hat and fled in shocked indignation, muttering "For shame!" Similar conduct at Ramsgate might not be inexcusable in a Frenchman.

Mr. DEASY, M.P., was committed for trial on Thursday, after an inquiry (which surely might have been shortened) of several days.

Games. LATHAM beat SAUNDERS in their third tennis-match at Lord's on Tuesday by three sets to two.

Racing. There is not often very much to notice in the Newmarket First July Meeting. The most interesting race of the first day was the Dullingham Plate, in which Cabin Boy upset Orvieto. The July Stakes for two-year-olds was secured by Speed, in a manner not unbecoming his name and the six to one laid on him. Next day Raeburn came out for the Midsummer Plate with odds on him; but he made a bad fight with Baron DE ROTHSCHILD'S Medicis, at even weights, and the latter won.

Cricket. The Australians beat Kent yesterday week.

The great innings of Mr. STODDART and Mr. O'BRIEN completely turned the tables for Middlesex on Surrey, and the former won, this day week, by 79. In the University matches, Sussex just beat Cambridge, and Lancashire very much more than just beat Oxford; but it is fair to say that no play had been possible on Friday owing to rain, and that the sun of Saturday made the wet wicket nearly unplayable, while one of the best bats in the Oxford team, Mr. V. T. HILL, was disabled in both innings. In the public schools matches, Winchester, though they bowled and fielded well, could make little play with the bat against Eton, and were beaten by five wickets. Charterhouse beat Westminster well.

On Monday Cambridge played extremely well at Lord's, against an M.C.C. eleven, good if not of the best. Mr. DOUGLAS made 102, Mr. PERKINS and Mr. STREATFIELD over 60 each, Mr. RANJITSINGHI over 50, and only one of the team less than double figures. Meanwhile, Oxford was not showing to anything like the same advantage against Sussex, with, it is true, a man short again, and with Mr. HILL and Mr. L. PALAIRET away. The latter was at Nottingham, making a big score for an eleven, captained by SHREWSBURY, against the Australians.

The rain of Tuesday stopped a good deal of cricket and interfered with much of the rest. It did not, however, prevent the Cambridge team from running up the great score of 503 against M.C.C., and it helped SHREWSBURY'S eleven to bring the Australians to the evil pass of having to make 161 to avert a single innings defeat with only three wickets to go down. Yorkshire fared very badly with Warwickshire, and Oxford with Sussex.

On Wednesday the second innings of Oxford was more worthy of them, but they could make no fight against the great advantage already gained by Sussex, and were beaten by ten wickets. Cambridge, on the other hand, could not, and did not, fail to beat M.C.C., who were left in the miserable minority of an innings and 155 runs. The all but twin brother of this fate fell on the Australians, who lost their match at Nottingham by an innings and 153. Yorkshire just saved the single innings defeat with Warwickshire, but were beaten by nine wickets, and Kent won handsomely, but after a good and fairly level match with Lancashire.

Yachting. Although all the five big cutters were present in the Mersey this day week, the *Valkyrie* could not, and the *Calluna* did not, start, so that the *Britannia* had a comparatively easy win in very rough weather, though she was run fairly hard by the *Satanita*. Next day the *Valkyrie* ran away easily

from both, but they fought a close match with each other. The *Varuna* led the forties. In the Royal Largs Regatta, on Thursday, the *Britannia* was successful over the *Valkyrie* and *Satanita*.

Correspondence. On Tuesday morning a peculiarly damaging defence of Mr. ASQUITH's action, on which we commented last week, in Cardiganshire was made by Mr. BURNIE, M.P. We should like to have Mr. BURNIE, M.P., for an adversary. His argument consisted in pointing out that the Cardigan County Council is against tithes, and that therefore the HOME SECRETARY is right in refusing to give tithe-owners the aid to which they are legally entitled. This is Home Rule with a vengeance. Archbishop WALSH has been endeavouring, not with much success, to make out, in spite of Mr. PLUNKET, to Trinity College that calm and peaceful it may sleep rocked in the bosom of a Home Rule Legislature.

Miscellaneous. Lord HERSCHELL (who, bar his politics, is a very respectable man and has blushed not unbecomingly over his own excesses as Lord High Benchpacker) has succeeded the late Lord DERBY as Chancellor of the University of London.—The LORD MAYOR entertained the House of MOLIERE at luncheon yesterday week.—For the unveiling of the SHAFTESBURY Memorial an elaborate programme was arranged by the L.C.C., in which was named almost every one who had aught to do with the work or its dedication. There was, however, one exception, the name of the sculptor. In any city but London such a work would have been received with gratitude and the worker with homage; but it would perhaps be too much to expect from the Council that they should acknowledge even the existence of an artist, though he be Mr. ALFRED GILBERT. At the actual unveiling of the memorial on Thursday, the Duke of WESTMINSTER, as might have been expected, repaired this omission handsomely; but the fact of it remains.

Obituary. The QUEEN has had few more faithful servants than Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who did his first stroke of work before she came to the throne, and for nearly sixty years was continuously active in building up the British Empire in South Africa. He himself anticipated the coping-stone by annexing the Transvaal—a deed made nearly, but not quite, useless by Mr. GLADSTONE's cowardly and criminal surrender.—Mr. ARTHUR LOCKER, long editor of the *Graphic*, was a man of letters in a thoroughly good sense and of an amiable character.—Lord CALTHORPE, though a steady "patron of the Turf" for many years, and a large owner of race-horses, had never been very fortunate, his luckiest possession being Seabreeze, who distinguished herself five years ago.—General Sir LOTHIAN NICHOLSON, who died of malarial fever at his government of Gibraltar, had done good service in the Crimea, in the Mutiny, and since.—Mr. EDMUND STURGE was one of the oldest and most prominent of the benevolent, and occasionally beneficent, fanatics of Anti-Slavery.

The Theatre. The Comédie Française performed before the QUEEN at Windsor on Tuesday, on which day Mr. DALY's company from New York opened their new theatre near Leicester Square with *The Taming of the Shrew*.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

THE sinking of H.M.S. *Victoria* is a disaster of which we should almost prefer not to speak. The loss to the country is great in mere material, and far greater in men, and will be the more acutely felt because of the excellent conduct of all in the moment of danger, and the great and deserved reputation of Sir

GEORGE TRYON. What the country has lost in its own confidence in its warships and in the nerve of the men who have to handle them remains to be seen. We fear that it may lose in both respects. It would, perhaps, be indecent to express no sympathy with the suffering of those who have husband or father or son to lament. Yet, on that subject, they who feel most are also commonly the most keenly aware that in such case silence is best—silence and such effective help as can be given quickly, and as quietly as may be. The nauseous torrent of gabble, much of it from the penny-a-liners of American journals, which some English newspapers have not had the decency or pride to despise, will only strengthen the desire of every Englishman with proper feelings to say nothing. It is odious that the grief of those whose loss is personal, and the right feeling of every right-minded man and woman, should be insulted by lumps of fustian description in the style of the lowest sensational story.

As regards the disaster itself, we shall form an opinion when we possess the evidence to go upon. At present the bare fact only is known. Admiral MARKHAM's despatch, which cannot be published till next week, will contain a trustworthy report. But even that will leave much to be finally cleared up in the court-martial. We do not even know whether the painful delay in forwarding an exact list of the names of the officers and men lost was inevitable or not. Here, again, we have to note that the comments in the papers have mainly served to reveal the ignorance of communicators writing on a subject which they did not understand. One very confident authority was even unaware of the elementary fact that sixteen points of the compass are a hundred and eighty degrees of a circle. There is the most complete conflict in the reports as to the time the *Victoria* floated after being struck by the *Camperdown*; and there is the same contradiction as to how she turned over. That she was rammed on the starboard side, that she turned over and sank very rapidly, are the only facts as yet known for certain, and we must wait to learn what they really mean. That such a disaster has been shown to be possible adds nothing to our knowledge of the value or qualities of warships. The *Camperdown* has done to another ship of HER MAJESTY'S fleet what she was built to do to an enemy—she has sunk her with a thrust of her ram. We do not think that anybody in the least familiar with the structure and power of modern iron-clads—we are convinced that no naval officer—can have been surprised to learn that the water-tight compartments of the *Victoria* proved of no avail to save her. The blow to which she was subjected was enough, and more than enough, to crush her side in, water-tight compartments and all. Whether the arrangement of the compartment which confined the water as it rushed in to one side was not responsible for the capsizing of the *Victoria* is a question. But that she must have foundered may be considered certain. Watertight compartments deal satisfactorily enough with leaks or a small hole, but they have often failed even with them, and they must fail when the side of a ship is ripped open.

Neither is it surprising to learn that the *Camperdown* has temporarily destroyed herself as a fighting ship by the exercise of her enormous power. Her ram is damaged and she must go into dock. This is only what was to be expected. The strain caused by the crashing together of two such masses—each displacing about 10,500 tons of water—both in rapid motion, must have been enough to rack even that one which suffered least most severely. The tendency of late years has been to overcharge all weapons, ships, and engines with power, till they cannot exert their whole strength except at the risk of more or less swift destruction to themselves. The effect which this development of power is likely to

have in war is a matter on which opinion will differ according as the critic fixes his attention on the force of the instruments with which wars are fought, or the unalterable human nature of the men by whom wars are fought. For ourselves, it is our firm persuasion that the officers of the *Camperdown* will in war remember the condition in which she was left by her collision with the *Victoria*, and will not willingly incur it again in the presence of an enemy and at a distance from a dockyard.

THE EDINBURGH FORGERIES.

IN autumn the placards of an evening paper in Edinburgh were covered with announcements of "Great Literary Forgeries." For long there had been in the market a large floating mass of all that the Scotch collector treasures. Letters and manuscript poems of BURNS were very plentiful. Prince CHARLES and Bonnie DUNDEE were well represented. Queen MARY was to the fore. We are not aware that the original copies of the Casket Letters were anywhere on sale, though this was clearly a desirable article. "And what for no?" Nobody knows what became of the documents submitted to the English Commissioners. They may have been forgeries—to a certain extent they probably were forgeries. It was, therefore, peculiarly easy to forge them over again. Examples of Queen MARY's "hand of write" are common; the matter of the letters is well known. If the imitation was not well done, why, that could be set down to the fault of GEORGE BUCHANAN or of MAITLAND of Lethington; for to detect in them the fist of JOHN KNOX would be unpopular, and, we frankly admit, would not be a plausible theory. On the other hand, young Mrs. KNOX may have been the forger; it is a theory like another.

However this may be, the recent forgeries have been detected and exposed, the forger is being punished, and yet, perhaps, some of the holders of his stock are still unconvinced. We cannot pretend to be sorry that this blow has fallen on autograph-hunters. They are a race of persecutors. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the autograph-hunter is notorious. His credulity is equal to his impudence and his cunning. Antiquaries of merit who saw, for example, those dispatches of two gentlemen unskilled in orthography, DUNDEE and Prince CHARLES, were not taken in. The paper was too sedulously dirty. Anachronisms abounded. But the autograph-hunter will have his BURNS and his STUARTS. He was not warned by the sudden rush of materials. Did they not come out of a writer's *étude*, which really often is an unsunned hoard of autographs? Nobody knows what valuable MSS. are being burned every day or sold for waste paper. In an ancient town there is an ancient house, and therein an ancient lady. Legend avers that she burns rare old manuscripts every now and then; strange scraps and wails from these unholy pyres have actually been seen and handled by living and honourable men. Burglary has been suggested; it should not be undertaken without counsel's advice. It is highly probable that, at this hour, the correspondence of Miss WALKINSHAW with her family is extant. In that correspondence she averred to her kindred in Barrowfield that their CLEMENTINA was CLEMENTINA I., Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. She vowed that she was duly and legally married to her yellow-haired Highland laddie. Perhaps she even told them the colour of the King's eyes and hair. Now, here is a moot historical point. The English Government, advertising a reward for the capture of CHARLES, says that his eyes are blue, "without sparkle." Dr. CARLYLE, who saw him often, says that

his eyes were black, his hair dark red. What survives is *blond-cendré*. The Prince's complexion is as disputable as his great-great-grandmother's. Miss WALKINSHAW's correspondence, it is said, was in the possession of a lady, a great-niece, till the middle of this century. Then some vagrom man, name unknown, came and borrowed it in the interests of history. It never returned, it vanished like the Casket Letters, but it may be somewhere—perhaps in the United States. We recommend this blue rose of autographs to autograph-hunters and autograph-forgers, their natural allies. There is (or ought to be) in *rerum natura* the manuscript of BURNS's *Fornicator's Court*. A printed copy, with a song in manuscript, "Saw ye my 'Maggie,'" is in the Abbotsford library. The manuscript, many copies of it in fact, might be produced, with a little ingenuity, unless this was the relic purchased and chivalrously burned by Mr. STILLIE and his friends, as he says in a note to one of his catalogues. Plenty of delightful manuscripts may be restored to autograph-hunters. These productions seldom or never deceive the trained historian. We remark, with mingled feelings, that the smartest people on earth (or one of the citizens) are holders of a large salted claim in Burnsiana. As for the forger, he may quote the speech of the Athenian slave, "Did I not give you 'one happy day?'"—or rather, several happy years. The joys of the autograph-collector who collects for the sake of collecting (not of him who amasses and uses historical materials) are mysterious. He has been happy; he has given his money for enjoyment, even if it be temporary enjoyment. In many cases he has closed his ears to good advice from sceptical and instructed friends. We are not excessively pitiful of his case. Usually the deceived collector is an ignoramus, who has no right to be collecting at all. A "Society for the Protection of Imbecile Collectors" may be formed—we offer the suggestion, but decline to subscribe.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE multiplicity of parties in the German Reichstag, and the extreme minuteness of some of them, prevent any very absolute pronouncement on their results. In particular, there is some uncertainty about the probable action of the RICKERT or moderate section of Radicals and of the Anti-Semites, the latter of whom have been fortunate enough to muster in a strength exceeding the magic number of fifteen, which constitutes a "party" in German Parliamentary estimation, and are now competent to launch Bills of their own. Still, there is no doubt that a majority variously estimated at from ten to twenty, or even more, has been returned for the Army Bill, and so far the policy of the EMPEROR and his CHANCELLOR, and the curious personal utterances of the former, have been justified by the event. In fact, it was sufficiently evident that even in the last Reichstag there was no real majority against the Bill. "The army is in danger" rallies the average German far more than "the Church is in danger" ever rallied the average Englishman. And it can hardly be said to be surprising that, given the actual state of Continental armies, with French Chauvinism reviving on one side, with Russia ambiguously menacing on another, and with Austria not exactly at a white heat of bellicose friendship on the third, additional precautions should seem to be necessary. Nothing but the headstrong cantankerousness of Herr RICHTER prevented the arrangement of a compromise at the last time of asking, and, with reasonable deference to the susceptibilities of the less-violent part of the Opposition, there should be little difficulty in Count CAPRIVI's way on this point now.

It is, however, not probable that he (whatever the

tam-martial, quam-mercurial temperament of his master may do) looks on the composition of the Reichstag with any particular pleasure. After the Army Bill will come the Tariff, and here it seems the majority is likely to go against, not with, the policy of the Government. Nor is the attitude of the House towards particular questions so disquieting as its general composition, though, no doubt, in the peculiar circumstances of German politics, that composition is not so serious as it would be in England. The strongest party, the Centre—for this, though diminished, is still the strongest—cannot possibly muster a fourth of the whole House. The two strongest, the Centre and the Conservatives, would not, if they were combined, muster anything like half. The National Liberals, who are respectable persons in their way, have a little bettered their state in the last House, but they cannot be much over fifty. The downfall of the Radicals is satisfactory enough; for, though the second ballots a little repaired the utter ruin which came on them at the first, their total strength will be insignificant. It remains to be seen whether the escape from annihilation will have taught them wisdom, and that very mischievous politician, their leader, moderation and patriotism. But the least satisfactory quarters of the House are those occupied by the Anti-Semites and the Social Democrats, who have scored at the expense of the Radicals and the Centre. It may be possible to hold that the world could get on with fewer Jews in high places, and with less of its wealth in Jewish hands; but the erection of Anti-Semitism into a policy is preposterous, and the personal composition of the German party which clings to this policy is to the last degree discreditable. As for the Social Democrats, there are now either forty-four or forty-five persons in the German Parliament pledged to doctrines which appear to most sane persons to be the creed of a dangerous lunatic, and which, whether sane or insane, cannot be carried into effect without entirely overturning the whole structure of society as established by every civilized people since the dawn of history. Add to this the half-dozen parties, or partylets, ranging in strength from one to twenty, who reappear in every Reichstag, and who, though they differ in everything else, agree in disliking, for this or that reason, the present order of things; and the prospect might well seem to an English statesman a very gloomy one indeed.

To a German, of course, it is much less so. For, not to mention other reasons, Germany is only yet half-constitutionally governed, and the influence of the Crown is enormous. On the present occasion, though exerted, it cannot be said to have been exerted very violently, and yet it has been successful against great apparent odds. And in the actual task of government it is more effective by far than at the polls, both because it can play the various parties against each other and for other reasons. Yet even so there must be few Germans of the party of order who can watch the temper of the nation and the steady growth of anarchism without alarm. For every exertion of royal authority or influence in a constitutional or semi-constitutional country weakens the reserve of power for the next occasion, though this is by no means the case in despotisms. And no one who watches the growth of party institutions in Germany can say that it tends in the only healthy direction, that of the formation of two stable and sufficient parties, each set in its different way on national weal. Pessimists often contend that the existence of a party system of this latter kind was a mere accident, already disappearing in the country of its birth, and affording no rule for others. Even optimists will find it difficult to deduce a contrary conclusion from the history of the German Reichstag so far.

THE NEW FINANCIAL CLAUSES.

TO most of those whose daily concern is with business rather than politics the revised financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill are mere matter of blank astonishment. It is not that the new arrangement is any more absurd and unworkable than the old; it is that its folly and impracticability is of so totally different a kind. People who do not understand how little logic has to do with the resolutions of a Government in such a predicament as Mr. GLADSTONE'S are simply unable to comprehend the attitude, say of Mr. GLADSTONE'S CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, not to mention the remainder of his colleagues. These Ministers, their bewildered critic is apt to think, must surely claim the right not to be made ridiculous in two distinct and, in fact, conflicting ways. Their chief could hardly refuse their demand to be kept, at any rate, consistent in their fatuity, and not to be compelled, so to speak, to put on two successive fools'-caps of widely differing colour and make. Thus, for instance, they might say that, while it is no doubt idiotic to suppose that Ireland can "manage for herself" in the matter of finance, still it is a form of idiocy which bears no sort of resemblance to that of keeping the collection of Irish income under Imperial control, and placing the expenditure of Irish revenue under the unchecked control of Irish politicians; and that, devoted followers of Mr. GLADSTONE as the objectors are, they do object to being compelled to exhibit both these forms of idiocy within a few weeks of each other.

This remonstrance might have been expected to come with especial earnestness from the Minister whom we have singled out from the rest—to wit, Mr. GLADSTONE'S CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; and the fact that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT appears to have accommodated himself to the change without making, so far as is known, the slightest difficulty, speaks volumes for the estimation in which he holds the measure, and the view which he takes of the probability of its passing. Nor is it impossible that this desperation of indifference may not be altogether unshared by Sir WILLIAM'S venerated leader. The prolonged negotiations with the Irish party, and the understood fact that Mr. REDMOND, if not exactly consulted, was kept informed of what went on, and made acquainted with the terms of the "settlement" before they were announced to the House of Commons, all point to the conclusion that the Government found themselves at the end of it all with no choice in the matter. It is not to be supposed that they deliberately, or at least contentedly, resolved upon a line of conduct which is not unlikely to cost them eighteen votes on a division through Parnellite defections, while, at the same time, it cannot but seriously imperil the fidelity of those English supporters who have talked most freely to their constituents about the "Irish incubus," and been the most liberal in their promises of relief from it. And if, therefore, the Government have gone to meet both these dangers at once, it can only have been in the direst straits of necessity that they have done so. No doubt, too, their reflections on the Ninth Clause may have had something to do with their resolve, and they may have acted more or less largely under the influence of the maxim that "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." They will have to fight hard over the proposal to omit the Ninth Clause, and it has, perhaps, occurred to them that that monstrous evasion of the main difficulty of their scheme, considered in its relation to our representative system, may just as well be accompanied by an equally preposterous adjournment of the problem which constitutes its *crux* from the financial point of view.

The first effect of the astounding change of front which they have thus despairingly executed has been to embroil them with one section of their Irishry.

For that they must, of course, have been prepared, and Unionists, we think, would do well not to build too much on the conjectured consequences of the split. The amendments of which Mr. REDMOND has given notice are in all probability only meant to advertise the Parnellites to their countrymen as the only and original champions of the rights of "Ireland a Nation," none other being genuine; and there seems no reason why the Anti-Parnellites, when once it is made clear that the Opposition must join the Government in opposing these amendments—and it would certainly be difficult for Unionists to support them—should not take the wind out of Mr. REDMOND's sails by voting with him themselves. But, in any case, after they have been duly moved and rejected on division, there will be nothing to prevent Mr. REDMOND and his followers from provisionally accepting the new financial arrangement which they will have vainly endeavoured to rid of conditions "unjust" and humiliating to Ireland," and abstaining from voting against it, or even possibly supporting it under protest, and with notice that they will make it their first business in the new Irish Legislature to work for its modification. It would be safer, therefore, to look rather to their effect upon Mr. GLADSTONE's English followers for the main part of the damage which his new financial clauses are likely to do him; and this, happily, must be considerable. In the first place, the dodge by which he has contrived to reconstruct the Irish surplus so unceremoniously swept away by the discovery of the mistake in his figures is too transparent "for anything." No more flagrant and unabashed performance in the cookery of accounts has ever before been witnessed. By the simple process of reducing the already inadequate contribution of Ireland to Imperial expenditure, knocking a hundred thousand pounds or so off the already underestimated charges for Irish civil administration, and transferring the cost of collecting the Excise and Customs duties from the Irish to the English taxpayer, Mr. GLADSTONE has found it easy enough to replenish the depleted balance, and to start the Dublin Exchequer once more with a nominal surplus of a little over half a million. But every one of these three financial expedients will have to be justified in Committee, and though Mr. GLADSTONE has done his best to burke discussion of them by lumping them, in his Closure resolutions, with the gerrymandering schedule designed to "protect" the minority in Ireland out of existence, and the schedule providing for the impoverishment of retiring members of the Civil Service in Ireland, to say nothing of the many debateable matters arising under the other five schedules, here, at any rate, he will not be allowed to succeed in what, no doubt, is one of his main objects in planning his Parliamentary *coup d'état*. The Opposition must so adjust their tactics as to secure at least sufficient time for debate on the financial clauses, to bring home to the British public their "true inwardness," and the manner of their certain operation. Not any very lengthened discussion, however, will be required for this purpose; and, in fact, Mr. GLADSTONE's explanations themselves may be trusted to do most of the work of exposure. His enslavement to his own sophistical powers is sure to stand us in good stead. Indeed, he will probably be so busily employed in vamping up a defence of his new arithmetic that he will have no attention to spare for the trifling circumstance that his new financial policy is an absolute reversal of the principle on which the old was based.

And it is on this, after all—or on this and its results—that the Unionist party may insist, we think, to the most advantage in the way of popular effect. No doubt the mere arithmetic of the new financial scheme should condemn it at once, and would condemn it for any but that herd of unscrupulous political jobbers

who are prepared to buy a way into Parliament for their legislative fads, by coolly putting their hands into the pocket of the British taxpayer. The mere fact that Englishmen and Scotchmen are to be called upon to pay 36s. a head to Imperial expenditure, as against a contribution of about 6s. 8d. per head from Ireland, in order that Mr. GLADSTONE's Radicals and Dissenters may "have a run" for other people's money in the present Parliament, would have amply sufficed, in the old ten-pound-householder age, to ensure the contumelious rejection of the Bill. Unfortunately, the electorate of these days takes but a comparatively languid interest in prospective increases of taxation, which the "masses" have been long taught to regard as merely so much addition to the burden of the "classes." Yet if they have no particular interest in the manner in which the money for buying off the Irish is to be raised, they have at least some concern in the question of what is to be got for that money; and it is on this aspect of the financial arrangement that we must endeavour to fix their attention. Ever since 1886 their ears have been filled with Gladstonian gabble about "Ireland stopping the way," and about the imperative necessity of conceding Home Rule, if only for the purpose of giving the Imperial Parliament the control of its own business, and enabling it to devote its undistracted energies to those multifarious tinkering with our institutions for which an enlightened democracy is supposed to be always agog. Well, this Imperial Parliament is not going to get that control; nor is it going to be enabled to set about the tinkering aforesaid. For three more years to come it is to be saddled with the Irish land question, for six years to come with Irish finance, and for the whole time with Irish members. How will an enlightened democracy like the prospect when once brought clearly to its view?

THE RESCUE OF THE RUPEE.

THE Currency Bill of the Indian Government represents a compromise, which has been arrived at after prolonged examination of the question and correspondence with the Home Government. Neither of the two heroic courses open has been taken. The Indian Government has not adopted an absolute gold standard at once—or, at least, has not precluded itself from modifying the standard which it has adopted—nor has it resolved, as some of the more intrepid economists would have preferred to see it do, to adopt the course of doing nothing till silver fell to its real value, as it must so soon as the United States resign their attempts to inflate the price of the metal. To a certain extent it has followed the example of the countries of the Latin Union. When the demonetization of silver in Germany and Prince BISMARCK's extensive financial operations threatened to flood Belgium with silver coins which must become depreciated, the Government of that country closed its Mint. The same course has been taken by the other nations of the Latin Union, which have thus given a monopoly value to their silver coinage. The Indian Government has decided to cease the free coinage of silver. But, as this measure, if thoroughly carried out, might cause a fluctuation in the price of the rupee, and so continue the evil which it is desired to correct, it has reserved to itself the right to continue to coin silver in return for gold at the rate of one shilling and fourpence to the rupee, and even to modify the rate if it sees occasion.

It had become absolutely necessary to take measures of some kind to deal with the financial difficulties of the Indian Government. The immense and growing loss imposed upon it by the obligation to

make great payments in gold in England could no longer be borne. One resource—an increase of taxation—is largely closed to it. Intrinsically, this would have been a just and reasonable remedy. Since the Indian producer receives, in consequence of the fall in the metal, more pieces of silver for his produce, it would be quite fair that he should be called upon to pay a proportionately larger number of silver coins to the State. But the Indian system of permanent land settlements, or of settlements fixed for a term of years, makes the use of this obvious resource very difficult. Extra taxes must have been imposed unequally, and inequality of taxation is as injurious as it is unfair and vexatious. The course actually taken is, in the opinion of a very large body of experts, who have taken ample time to consider, the best, and even the only one, open to the Government. That it will fully answer its purpose may be hoped, but cannot yet be known. One grievance caused by the fall in the value of the rupee it cannot remedy, but can only prevent from becoming more serious. Indian officials, who have seen the rupee in which they are paid shrink so severely in exchange value, will still have to put up with a heavy loss, even if it falls no further. It is to be hoped that, if the Bill does bring about the stability which is looked for as its effect, something will be done to remedy their grievances. For some years past the Indian Government has been unable to deal with their case, because—so it argued—it could not know from day to day what the exchange value of its own currency would be on the next. A readjustment of salaries might be rendered unjust and unsatisfactory by a further fall in the price. If this uncertainty is removed, the Government will know on what to calculate, and will have no longer any excuse for delaying an act of justice.

The immediate effect of the measure is reported to be good in India. The trading community at large has every reason to be satisfied with whatever promises to stop the fluctuations from which it has suffered. If it answers the expectations of the very competent body by which it has been drafted, it will result in the quiet establishment of a gold standard. Its effects outside of India can hardly yet be estimated. From the United States it is reported that, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, the action of the Indian Government does away with the necessity for again convening the Brussels Monetary Conference. This is the first occasion on which we have heard that there was any necessity for another meeting of that most futile of palavers. What Mr. CARLISLE, no doubt, meant to convey was that the action of the Indian Government has demonstrated that the time has come for repealing the Sherman Silver Act. As this appears, from evidence derived from many quarters, to be the general and increasing conviction of the citizens of the United States, we shall almost certainly see that triumph of lobbying and bad currency legislation repealed in the autumn. The Indian Government will be prepared to deal with whatever consequence the return of the United States to common sense may have on the money market.

THE GAG.

THOSE portentous deliberations on the Treasury Bench which so did take Gladstonian retailers of political gossip during the early days of the week bore fruit last Thursday in the gagging resolution of which Mr. MORLEY had given notice on the previous afternoon. Its terms have now been a couple of days before the public, and if it needed any further explanation than such as it bears branded on its shameless face, the debate of Thursday night would have amply supplied the want. That even the Gladstonians themselves are staggered by it appears clearly enough from

their half-blustering, half-shivering attempts to excuse it even before the Unionists have had time to attack it. It is moderate, in the circumstances, nay, unduly forbearing; it is justified by the precedent of 1887; it is a great improvement upon that precedent; it does not need justification by any precedent; and it might have been so much more severe if Mr. GLADSTONE had chosen to make it so. In his wisdom and leniency he has not insisted, as he might have done, on applying the Closure to the whole Bill at a certain date, but has cut it up into extremely unequal lengths, and has allotted an equal period of time to the discussion of each section. Even such is the moderation and leniency of the domestic cat, who, instead of killing the captive mouse at one stroke, kindly allows it a series of little runs before applying the Closure for the last time. If the Opposition do not appreciate the consideration which the PRIME MINISTER has shown in gagging them once a week for a month, instead of waiting the month before muzzling them once for all, that only shows how blinded they are by prejudice, and hold completely wasted upon them are the virtues of that great and good man whose right to spend his last days in destroying the country which has rejected him they have had the presumption to contest.

As to the PRIME MINISTER'S own defence of his motion, it was worthy of the proposal to which it related. The argumentative hardihood of the one was in perfect keeping with the practical brutality of the other. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, had, and has long had, but one plea for the coercion of Parliament into swallowing the Home Rule Bill whole, as it was from the first evident that it must be swallowed if the process was to be accomplished this year at all; and that is a plea which would be equally available for a measure purporting to abolish the Monarchy, the House of Lords, the Church of England, and a few other of the still surviving institutions of the country. Stripped of its clothing of Gladstonian verbiage, the argument comes to this; that if the Government of the day propounds a legislative project so strenuously opposed and open to so many objections that it threatens to occupy more time than such Government find convenient to allow to it, they are justified in compelling the Opposition to put the residue of their objections in their pockets, and accept the Bill undiscussed.

This was literally all that Mr. GLADSTONE'S justification of his motion amounted to, and he left Mr. BALFOUR, therefore, with practically nothing to answer. All that the Leader of the Opposition could do—but this he did most effectually—was to formulate one by one the assumptions on which alone such a motion could be justified, and one by one to rebut them. There ought to be a real urgency for the passing of the Bill through the House of Commons in the course of this Session; and the Government ought to be able to show that the previous debate has been obstructive. As Mr. BALFOUR showed in a few contemptuous words, there is no such urgency in the case; there is no question of public necessity involved, but only one of party expediency, its motive, indeed, having been admitted with cynical frankness by Mr. GLADSTONE himself in his reference to the pledges of his party—that is, of his teetotallers and Dissenters—to legislate on at least some "British questions" within the year. So that the "urgency" of the present state of affairs in Parliament—an urgency so extreme that the House of Commons is to be called upon to dissolve the legislative Union of the three Kingdoms without discussion—is yet not so excessive but that the Government will manage to find time to take up some of the suspended legislative fads of their supporters. A more impudent pretext for coercing a deliberative body was never put forward, unless, indeed, it be the contention (which Mr. GLADSTONE

leaves, it is to be observed, to his apologists in the press to advance, and carefully refrains from hazarding himself) that the amendments to the Bill have been merely obstructive or have been debated at obstructive length. Of this, too, Mr. BALFOUR disposed conclusively, and by chapter and verse, in his very eloquent and inspiring speech on Thursday night. But one cannot help feeling that for the Opposition the merely defensive attitude is inappropriate. Mr. BALFOUR was at his best in examining the allotments of time, and considering them with reference to the matter to be discussed within their limits—a process the effect of which would be highly mirth-moving were it not for the indignation which it provokes. But the course of the Opposition is clear; to pursue the debate in precisely the same manner as if no Closure resolution had been passed, and to see how Englishmen and Scotchmen will relish the spectacle of a majority of their representatives sitting gagged and helpless, while they themselves are being taxed for the privilege of seeing their most cherished institutions destroyed by a politically-corrupt minority of British members working under the double thong of an Irish faction.

THE DEBATE ON THE GAG.

THE actual proceedings on the proposal to gag critics of the new financial clauses, which is officially called the Closure Resolution, must be described as a debate merely for want of a more accurate word. The language has not yet been enriched with a special term for the peculiar modification of Parliamentary discussion, which it is the triumph of Mr. GLADSTONE's old age to have introduced. One grudges to use the word debate of an encounter in which one side produced a speech or two of assertion and the other all the arguments. The debate, then (so the word must be used), of Thursday night conformed strictly to the new Gladstonian pattern. Mr. GLADSTONE opened with a solemn speech of assertion. Much later in the evening—about midnight, in fact—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made a very jerky and flippant speech of assertion. Between and around the two came the arguments of the Opposition. In considering the merits of the Ministerial contributions to the talk of the evening, it would not be unfair to praise the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as being, on the whole, more appropriate to the occasion. Mr. GLADSTONE did endeavour to preserve some appearance of appealing to argument and reason. Sir W. HARCOURT stated the crude fact quite briskly. He simply said that the Bill must be rattled along somehow by the use of the majority, and that it is useless to talk. It was really needless to say more to members, who know well that, unless the Home Rule Bill can be hustled through, they cannot attain that object of their desires which was so exactly defined by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as “a little spare time in which “they can ruin the publican, disestablish a couple “of Churches, and doctor the electorate in order “that they may, somehow or other, get a second “majority.” The conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters was, for the most part, worthy of the tactics of their leader. They sat in dogged silence under the arguments of Mr. BALFOUR, and were only now and then maddened by the long lash of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN into interruptions which infallibly brought upon them fresh and worse castigation.

Upon such followers and such leaders the arguments of the Opposition would naturally fail to produce any effect. They have been taught, however, by their failure to avert an adjournment of the debate that the successful use of brute numbers implies the command of much larger numbers. The big battalions must be very big if they are to compensate for want of brains,

total disregard of the conditions of the fight, and the presence in the ranks of a discontented element tending to become mutinous, though it has not yet advanced beyond persistent malingering and lagging behind. Now, to judge by the voting list on Mr. T. W. RUSSELL's amendment, the balance of numbers on which the Ministry relies for the purpose of bearing down all opposition amounts to four per cent. It is all very well for the Ministry to adopt seriously JOSEPH DE MAISTRE's reduction of the whole doctrine of the right of a majority to an absurdity—it may suit them to say, since we are fifty-one and you are fifty, you must give way to us, and that at once, or so soon as we call upon you to do it. Acting on this principle, all the Gladstonian majority has to do is to draw up its list of Bills, give a week for the proceedings on each, and order them to be registered *quia nominor* “Bare Majority.” Unluckily for it the fifty-one can hardly collar the fifty, unless these last are disposed to allow themselves to be collared. The Ministerial majority ought by this time to be aware that this is not the disposition of the Unionist minority. If they were not taught by the utter failure of the attempt to force on the second reading before Easter, they must know it now. In the meantime—as Mr. BALFOUR put it on Thursday night—the case is before the country; and it is before it, we may add, in the masterly speeches of himself and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is a very simple case. Here is a bare majority of about four per cent. of the whole House of Commons, which is endeavouring to force on, with a mere show of debate, an unprecedented Bill which aims at no less than the creation of a new Constitution for the United Kingdom. A great part of the Bill—the part containing all the financial clauses, by which every man's interests will be affected—has been sprung on the House within the last few days. This portion of the measure is to be disposed of, with a bundle of other clauses, in a day or two, and with no debate. It will be strange if, with this before it, the country is indignant at learning that the Opposition does not accept Sir W. HARCOURT's view of the fair limit of debate.

WHIST!

WHAT is more noisome than Noise? A constant source of delight to the savage and the infant, it is distracting to the sensitive ear.

Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,

wrote Cowper, in *Retirement*. Poor Mr. Carlyle made Chelsea vocable with his complaints of it. His truly greatest aspiration long was to get away, away, where he would be free of his unendurable, intolerable sufferings from noises; and so recover a little health. Herein he had with him one he recked little of—Schopenhauer—who blessed and envied the American followers of the English Anna Lee (*ribaldé* Shakers) for their rule of avoiding all needless racket, such as household clattering, whip-cracking—the French automédon's ideal of perfect driving—the slamming of doors, and even loud talking. In Cotgrave's time (1611) the French *noise*—whence ours—meant “a brabble, brawl, debate,” as well as a sound:—

Grand chercheur de noise,
C'est le seigneur d'Amboise,

alias le brave Bussy. *The English Rogue* (1668) feelingly describes a crew of canting beggars, and says they made such a confused noyse with their gabling that the melody of a dozen oyster-wives at Billingsgate, the scolding at ten conduits, and the gossipings of fifteen bake-houses were not comparable unto it. This bears out Cotgrave, though the French *noise* meant very early shouting and uproar. Gossiping was a word too beggarly for Wordsworth, who would have it more statelier as “personal talk.” Better, quoth he—

Better than such discourse doth silence—
Long barren silence—square with my desire.

And to go back to the *Rogue*—for that Richard Head was a noticeable man enough in his way—nothing more recommends a man than a silent tongue, a fair complacent carriage, and a faithful heart. This, however, was put into the mouth of a sneaking *picaron*, and *Stille Wasser gründen tief*, as well as our own form of it, carries a bad, unpleasant sense with it—a sense of possible danger to him who watches deepness in another. Indeed, when well examined, most of the stock phrases in praise of silence turn out to belong to the score of the second fiddle. “Que faut-il donc faire?” said Pangloss. “Te taire,” said the Moslem dervish, in a land of despotism. Xenocrates is credited with the saying that he had often been sorry he spoke, but never that he held his tongue; and Phryne did not think too much of Xenocrates. Silence is a gold Mohur, speech but a falling rupee, is a motto of the oppressed. Another, a Corean one, is, “Speech has no legs, yet it travels thousands and thousands of *li*.” “I don’t know” is one word, say the Chinese Tartars, “I know” is ten, because it leads on to further harrying. If the hen didn’t cackle, no one would know she had laid an egg; and thereabout one never ceases wondering why French prisoners will persist in answering their bullying judges, who still keep up the old traditions of the stool of torture in everything but the instruments thereof. Silent as the grave ceased to be true since modern chemistry has studied poisons.

A still tongue makes a wise head. But does it, though? It oftener makes a foolish one pass in a crowd; and one Goldsmith talked like poor Poll. The plain man’s view of the matter is better stated as

Heureux celui qui parle bien, et qui sait bien se taire.

Carlyle’s “doctrine of the greatness and fruitfulness of Silence” remained a mere vociferation for John Sterling. “Yes, truly,” he would say, “if you be allowed to proclaim quiet by cannon-salvoes.” The *Rejected Addresses* had the same idea long ago:—

He who in quest of silence “Silence!” hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

As Mazzini (and Mrs. Carlyle) neatly said of redoubting Thomas, he loved silence platonically—he “with such a gift to speak,” as he would inconsistently boast.

Least said soonest mended is all very well as a copy-line, so far as it goes; but listen to the oldest Parliamentary tongues, that never told a lie (as they say in the nursery); the more they talk, the less they say. Language spouts forth to overwhelm and smother thought—not merely to disguise it, as Talleyrand and Voltaire (*Dialogue du Chapon et de la Poularde*) said; or to conceal our wants, as Goldsmith said in *The Bee* of 20th October 1759; or for all uses except the indication of the mind, as Swift had it. And to go on emarginating, this idea is currently reported to be also in a couplet of Young’s, somewhere. But we might go back a good deal further than any of these, to a saying put into the mouth of Apollonius of Tyana; that if Palamedes invented letters, it was not only that mankind might be enabled to transmit what they wrote, but also to refrain from writing what should not be transmitted. This would have made an excellent motto for the volumes of Talleyrand’s own *Mémoires*.

The gift of speech, said another apostle of abstinence, is middling good, but the gift of speeches is the devil and all. And the tale about the Athenians giving Demosthenes a pension to hold his tongue is pleasing. Darwin, to whom one does not mechanically turn for a good story, has a tolerable one about “a small dinner-party given in honour of an extremely shy man, who, when he rose to return thanks, rehearsed his speech, which he had evidently learnt by heart, in absolute silence; and did not utter one single word of it, though he gesticulated as if he had been speaking with much emphasis.” If we wanted an apt quotation here, we might turn to the nervous Cowper’s *Conversation*, and the lines:—

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

Or, as Boileau pumice-stoned it:—

Souvent la peur d’un mal nous conduit dans un pire.

Ménage’s intimate friend, Émery Bigot, was an instance of silence carried almost to muteness. He spoke so very little that he never by any chance mentioned what he was going to do. “Le secret d’être ennuyeux, c’est de tout dire,” wrote Voltaire long afterwards. Bigot made up for it by being a terrible slogger at cataloguing in the Greek.

Darwin’s anecdote ought for the future to be leashed and slipped with Pope’s:—

There lived in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho’ the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate.

One of the least concealed of our English nuisances is the “noise of music.” Truly is “this isle full of noises and sounds,” which are by no means “sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.” There is no glozing of this over, no hushing it up, in a land of marrow-bones and cleavers, and salvation by brass band. When Queen Bess entered London in 1558, “a noise of instruments” stood on a richly-furnished scaffold “near unto Fanchurch,” and as her Grace passed by the Conduit—how oddly this strikes in with the scolding a while ago—there was “a noise of loud instruments upon the top thereof.” Sneak’s noise (or band) was affectioned by Mistress Tearsheet; and some similar damsel in *The English Rogue* “sent for a noise of Musick, ordering them to play in the next room.” The loud noise—source of constant delight to the savage—is here indisputably the leading indication, and not the melody, unhappily. The power of the instruments, and the power of lung and elbow with which they are sawed and blown and banged to ear-bursting, form the dear pastime of all concerned. A leading note of maladroitness, said Schopenhauer—it is not often we quote him twice in a column—is to be found in the meaningless runs and flourishes of bad music, with its clangour, which aims at nothing but noise. The protest against it is ever so old. “What you talk about is music,” said the Confucian disciple Shang, “but what you like is noise!”

The noises of certain domesticated birds are as bad as the “cruel clarions,” and ought to be pursued by penal laws. Macaw and manslaughter, crime and canary-bird, should go together in the code, and be tried by a jury of annoyance. Consider Carlyle’s pictures (by Mrs. Carlyle) with “the only son’s pet bantam-cock,” or the screeching parrot in the next garden. “At last he fairly sprang to his feet, declaring he could ‘neither think nor live!’” This particular sage’s reading did not take him too far East, otherwise he could have extracted grim consolation from the Vedas:—

Put to death, O, Indra, the ass that brays distractedly!
Kill everything that makes a din! curse the crowing-demon!

“The bird of the yard, the cock, crows! Oh, the pity that the birds should scream! Oh, these birds! I could beat them till they were sick!” sings a naïve but divine lover to his love, in the ancient Japanese *Kojiki*.

To the Sanskrit, also, we seem to be driven for the much-canvassed origin of the word *noise*, which, in their noxious way, the etymologists will insist upon separating from noisome, nuisance, noxious, and annoy. The nearest hit, as yet, is perhaps the Sanskrit *nas*, to destroy.

But soft! “After ianglyng words cometh huishte”; and let it come upon a few restful phrasings of the beautiful holiness of peace.

And such the stillness of the house

(says Wordsworth’s dainty picture in *The Waggoner*)

You might have heard a nibbling mouse.

But he beat himself easily in the *Evening Walk*, with that lulling line:—

Air listens like the sleeping water, still.

’Tis pity to cap it with a Chinese verse:—The peach-blossoms, and the plum’s, are silent; yet is a path worn to the flowering-place.

THE NEW “CORRIDOR” TRAIN.

TO-DAY, the 1st of July, the London and North-Western Railway Company, in connexion with the Caledonian Railway Company, begin an extremely interesting experiment in railway enterprise by running their new “Corridor” trains, with refreshment and dining carriages both for first and third class passengers, between Euston Station and Glasgow and Edinburgh. Everybody knows the “West Coast” route to Scotland, and a good number of people have experienced the advantage of dining *in transitu* within the last two years. The old notion, indeed, that discomfort is necessarily associated with railway journeys is all but extinct in these days, or lingers with a

few of the oldest inhabitants of the land. So far have we progressed from that not far-distant standpoint, that it needs no exercise of the imagination to prefigure the happy estate of the pampered passenger. It is not merely conceivable, it is absolutely within realization, that the railway passenger may make a long journey, not with the object of getting somewhere, or away from somewhere, but for the comfortable enjoyment of the passage, as if a man should "move" without the horrors of the moving, and take his house with him without his household. He can dine at his ease, as at his inn the old traveller dined, and know there is no delay in the dining. He can have luncheon or tea; he can doze in the seclusion of his own carriage, or visit his friends in theirs. And he can enjoy all this freedom and comfort as a third-class passenger.

Such are some of the novel advantages provided by the new "Corridor" express to the North, of which a trial trip was made this week, under the direction of Mr. Harrison, the General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway, Mr. G. E. Neele, the Superintendent of the line, and Mr. C. A. Park, the chief of the works at Wolverton, where is one of the oldest and most important manufacturing of railway carriages in England. One of the chief objects in planning the "Corridor" train is the combination of the most desirable features of the English and American systems. Another notable aim is to provide the third-class passenger with a dining carriage as spacious and convenient as those offered to first-class passengers. These aims are very successfully realized by Mr. Park's ingenious design. In the place of the central gangway, usual in American trains, and on some Continental lines, a corridor runs throughout the train on the left, or platform side of the carriages. The space not occupied by the corridor is devoted to compartments, constructed for four passengers, fitted in the usual way, but shut off from the corridor, and each provided with a door opening on the corridor. The continuity of the corridor is effected by an admirable arrangement between the carriages, consisting of a weather-proof gangway of stout and flexible indiarubber, fitted to metal collapsible frames, by which an unimpeded transit may be made from one end of the train to the other. The ingenuity shown in these connexions between the carriages is one of the most notable features of the "Corridor" train. The simplicity of the mechanism of the connexion is as remarkable as its effectiveness, and the material employed is much better fitted to withstand wear and tear and weather than the leather which is in general use in America for such purposes. Thus the traveller by the "Corridor" train is secure of his comfort in the carriage, according to English ideas, and commands the advantage of free circulation through the train, with the knowledge that the right of way cannot lead to any infringement of his own right to the seclusion of his carriage. He is in the position of the man who is free to stay in his room or walk out into the street; while in an American car he may be subjected to a continuous traffic, as it were, from which he cannot retire. The "Corridor" plan, indeed, very ingeniously avoids what is the objectionable feature of the central gangway. Another excellent point to be noted, and one that combines both English and American systems, is the arrangement for entering the carriages. In addition to the doors at each end of the carriage, there are also doors at the side, as usual on English railways, opening directly from the corridor to the platform. Thus there need be no momentary blocking of the gangway on the arrival of a full train at Glasgow or Edinburgh.

The traveller who leaves London or Glasgow at two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of departure for the up and the down "Corridor" express, cannot forego his dinner. The new train comprises three dining carriages, each some fifty feet in length, fitted with spacious and exceedingly comfortable compartments for two or four diners. For the first time in railway history it is open to everyone to dine if he chooses, and the third-class passenger need no more affront his appetite or impair his digestion by snatching a fearful meal on the platform. It will not be long, we fancy, before the dining accommodation of the "Corridor" train must be increased. At present there is room provided for the dining at one sitting of thirty-four first-class passengers and eighteen third-class passengers, the whole train being constructed to carry seventy-four first-class and one hundred and twenty third-class passengers. The central carriage of the three, fitted for dining contains the kitchen, and butler's pantry, and

store-room, besides room for eighteen diners, and is altogether a good example of constructive ingenuity. But comfort and adaptation of design to the most exacting of travellers are characteristic of this new and successful departure of the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies.

AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

CAPTAIN WOODGATE, of the South Wales Borderers, is undoubtedly possessed of an inventive genius, combined with keen military enthusiasm. Of this he has already given ample proof in the improved service spade and equipment which bear his name, and which have earned for him a growing reputation throughout the service. He is also a man of considerable mental activity, so that he is not content to let any matter rest if he sees that there is room for improvement in it; and, being thoroughly practical into the bargain, his ideas, when developed, take the form of experiment. About five years ago, after the Maxim gun had been brought into use, it seems to have struck him that the important principle of utilizing recoil, for the purpose of increased rapidity of fire, might be as applicable to a rifle as to a machine gun. Therefore he at once imposed upon himself the task of adaptation; and since then has been engaged in experiments, both complicated and tedious, attended with many disappointments and, up till now, with but doubtful success. Some of his earlier productions have been so delicate and complicated in their mechanism, and so costly, as to be utterly useless for any practical purposes. He has now, however, emerged from his workshop with a weapon in his hand which is both a crown to his perseverance and a credit to his ingenuity. With the collaboration of Mr. Griffiths he has produced an automatic rifle, by means of which seven rounds can be fired in rapid succession without "coming down" between each round. In principle it is akin to the Maxim gun, in appearance not unlike the magazine rifle, and in its construction the two are combined. Like the magazine rifle it has the .303 bore, works with the bolt action, and has the magazine similarly placed, though not detachable. Of the several advantages claimed for it, the two which perhaps strike one most are the simplicity and the cheapness of it. The bolt action is simpler than that of the present rifle, and is therefore less likely to get out of order or to suffer damage; and, moreover, the fact of the magazine being undetachable is, we think, another element of strength. The latter, which is open at the bottom, is charged by means of a clip containing seven cartridges inserted from beneath. This is retained in its place by closing the magazine spring, which then exerts an upward pressure on the bottom cartridge. When all the rounds have been expended the clip, being no longer supported by the spring through the medium of the cartridges, falls from the magazine.

A brief description of what takes place during rapid fire will perhaps give a good idea of the mechanism of the rifle. Presuming, therefore, that the magazine has been charged with seven rounds, the first cartridge is placed in the chamber by opening and closing the breech, as in the present case. The explosion, however, of this cartridge causes a recoil, or "kick," as it is more commonly called, which, instead of being expended, as of old, on the shoulder of the firer, is here utilized to extract, re-cock, and re-load. And this is done in the following manner:—On explosion, the barrel and bolt move back seven-eighths of an inch, when the barrel meets with resistance. This small movement has been sufficient to force the knob of the bolt up an inclined groove in the body, far enough to unlock the bolt from the barrel. The recoil, still acting upon the bolt, causes the latter to fly back further (carrying the empty case with it and ejecting it to the right), thus compressing a spring, the other end of which is attached to the body. As soon as the bolt is clear of the magazine another cartridge is forced up to the mouth of the chamber by means of the magazine spring. When the force of recoil acting on the bolt has been expended, the spring, which it has compressed in its backward passage, immediately throws it forward again. On the forward movement of the bolt the striker is cocked by coming into contact with the mechanism of the trigger, and the cartridge is forced home into the chamber. Thus it only remains for the firer to press the trigger again as

quickly as it pleases him, and to continue to do so until all the rounds in the magazine have been expended. In this way it has been found that the whole seven rounds can be fired in rather less than two seconds, and that with a fairly steady aim on the object. On the other hand, it can be fired as slowly as may be desired. The remark which Maxim is reported to have made to the Committee, who asked whether he could also fire his gun slowly, is quite as applicable to this weapon, "Wall, ginlemen, guess I'll fire one shot per annum—if you care to wait."

And it can also be used as a single loader. When required as such (the magazine being empty), the bolt being thrown back by the recoil of the first explosion is caught and retained by a spring, adjustable for that purpose, set on the body. A cartridge can then be placed in the chamber, when, on releasing the spring, the bolt immediately closes. The advantages which the inventor claims for the rifle are, that it can be fired as rapidly or as slowly as possible, and can be used as a single loader or with magazine; that it is simpler in its action than the present rifle; that it is cheaper to make; that there is no "kick" (since the recoil is all utilized in the mechanism).

There are, however, many reasons for supposing that, ingenious as it undoubtedly is, the Government will not accept it for the army. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether the possibility of such rapid fire, which is the real *raison d'être* of the invention, is any advantage for soldiers. On the contrary, it would lead to a great expenditure of ammunition, much of which would probably be wasted, and would not be conducive to that complete control of fire which is so essential in the field. For those who know what a rifle in the hands of the average soldier means are aware that the more rapidly he has to fire the more excited he becomes, and the less command has he either over himself or his weapon. Rapid volleys, well under control as at present, would be out of the question; for it is the very fact of coming down and reloading between each shot, which at present keeps the man steady, and fixes his attention upon the word of command.

Further, the adoption of such an entirely new rifle would entail great expense on the Government. Two years ago the Martini-Henry gave place to the Lee-Metford with the Lewis sights; this was shortly afterwards altered in the sighting, the old barleycorn being resumed; and now the Mark II is about to be issued. All these changes and improvements within the last two years have been very costly, and render it highly improbable that Government will care to go any further just at present, especially when the necessary outlay for the introduction of an entirely new pattern is so enormous. Added to this, it has the disadvantage of being heavier than the present rifle, a fault which it does not seem possible to rectify. This is a point which will weigh with those who think that the present rifle is too heavy.

We are led to fear, therefore, that if the inventor of the automatic rifle entertains the hope that it may be adopted for use in the army, he is doomed to disappointment, at least for the present. We may, however, confidently expect, that he will receive from them a favourable report, and that just commendation which is due to his genius.

SCULPTURE IN 1893.

THE amount of sculpture shown this year at the Royal Academy is comparatively small. The technical average, however, is very high—was never, indeed, as it appears to us, higher in the mere matter of modelling. The ideal figures and groups are relatively numerous, and of great interest. The iconic section, on the other hand, is curiously meagre, and we do not recall any year of recent times in which there were so few good busts. It cannot be said that any new talent is revealed to us this year, and the public has to satisfy itself with applauding old favourites, and young friends who are not absolutely novel. The strange coloured sculpture of M. Gérôme, however, has been a startling novelty to those who have not of recent years visited the Parisian exhibitions.

The most learned figure of the year is doubtless Mr. Thornycroft's statue of "Summer" (1823) in the Lecture Room. This will not, however, rank among his most popular successes, and there are errors of judgment in its conception which may tend to obscure, and even to stultify,

its merits. Summer is represented as a nude woman holding a leaf-fan against her cheek as she gazes upwards. She stands against an ugly and conventional pedestal, which militates grievously against the sentiment of her wildness. There are no upholstered pedestals in the primeval forest. The fan, too, gives a tiresome impression of conscious nudity which is certainly foreign to the artist's intention. Apart from these unfortunate accessories, the statue is worthy of nothing but praise. The modelling is perfect in delicate propriety and finish; the torso and parts of the back are worked as no one in England but Mr. Thornycroft could work them. The attitude is refined and original, the expression of the head serious and pure. But that terrible photographer's pedestal! What was Mr. Thornycroft thinking about?

Mr. Frampton's "Children of the Wolf" (1822), which we saw in plaster in 1892, returns this year in bronze. Our opinion of its great merit is thoroughly confirmed. The bearded man of mature age who carries the two children, one under each arm, is of a fine wild type; the composition, with its variety and balance of forms, is exceedingly clever; the entire group is animated and vigorous. Technically, the work is excellent in quality, but a little coarse; the torso, when compared with that of the "Summer," which stands beside it, is seen to be rudely treated. By an arrangement of drapery, too, Mr. Frampton has avoided the most difficult surfaces of the flesh. Nothing prevents this group, however, from being one of very great interest and value. The "Bellona" (1826) of M. Gérôme, waving her tinted ivory arms above her painted and silvered bronze vesture, shrieks with red mouth and stares with black glass eyes from the end of the Lecture Room. This is a very stimulating experiment, and one which is carried out with dazzling skill. When the eye grows accustomed to M. Gérôme's colour and gesticulation, shortcomings begin to make their appearance. There is too much of the lay-figure about the osseous structure. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, there is lack of movement in these strained and dislocated limbs. The disposition of drapery is awkward; we suffer from a want of length of line. Nevertheless, of the cleverness and of the daring of the statue there can be no question.

Two creditable ideal statues are the "Circe" (1827) of Mr. Alfred Drury, and the "Girl Binding her Hair" (1829) of Mr. Goscombe John. The latter is the work of a young man to whose talent we have delighted to draw attention in these columns. But this year, pretty as his figure is, it has striking faults. The artist has kept too slavishly close to a common model, and he has apparently got tired of contemplating such poor forms, since he has not carried his work so far as the scale demanded. The statue is a good one, but not nearly good enough for Mr. John. Mr. Drury has this year been more successful. His "Circe" on a pedestal against which wild boars are lolling, is capital in idea; the pose of the right hand is original and charming; but to explain its action it should surely be carrying a wand or rod. The two best groups in the Central Room exhibit the merits of two contrasted schools. "Thirst" (1668), a couple of tired soldiers fighting for a cupful of water, is realistic to the border of grotesqueness, but very clever. This is the work of Mr. Cauet, who contributes several spirited things of the kind this year. The head of the man who drinks is admirable. In piquant opposition to this rough study from modern life is Mr. H. C. Fehr's elaborate—too elaborate—"The Rescue of Andromeda" (1683). The difficulty of executing such a vast and complex composition must strike the observer at once; the group consists of three tiers—Perseus, who floats lightly poised on the back of the dragon, the dragon itself with outstretched wings, and the prone and relaxed figure of Andromeda. We should like to detach from this tohu-bohu the alert and graceful Perseus, a piece of admirable design fairly well carried out. As it is, the laudable ambition of Mr. Fehr has led him to attempt somewhat too much. A group of "Jacob struggling with the Angel" (1659), by Mr. Wenlock Rollins, deserves more attention than it will receive. Ten years ago such a piece of modelling as the back of Jacob would have been a portent at the Royal Academy, but nowadays the very students know more of technique than was revealed to the most learned of the old Academicians before the revival.

Among the most attractive works of the year are two green bronze statuettes, which, by a curious coincidence, resemble one another in size and in general character,

although totally distinct in subject. Each represents a naked figure bent so as to bring the thighs along the line of the body. Mr. Onslow Ford's "Applause" (1828) is an ancient Egyptian girl clapping her hands at some musical or theatrical performance; this figure possesses the charming detail of ornamented base, tiny silvered supports, jewelled fillet, and the rest, which fascinate us in Mr. Ford's work. It is very pretty, but we confess that we prefer to it the exquisite "Love the Conqueror" (1695) of Mr. Pomeroy, a girl in a similar position holding up a minute silver figurine of Eros, which lets fly an arrow towards her heart. The treatment here is broader, the element of grace more dominant. There is nothing in the exhibition more tempting to the amateur than this little statuette of Mr. Pomeroy's, instinct as it is with large qualities of art. Two agreeable statuettes by young sculptors are "The Hunter and the Wood-Nymph" (1712), by Mr. Shannon; and "Love Repulsed" (1742), by Mr. Charles Allen. The latter is very well executed, but from too flexible a model.

Before we approach the iconic sculpture, we must speak of an admirable work of a somewhat anomalous order. In Mr. Frampton's ideal bust called "Mysteriarch" (1787), we find to the full that quality of distinction which we partly miss in his heroic group. The beauty of mysticism is that which is aimed at in this solemn and strange conception, surrounded as it is by cabalistic signs and enigmatical symbols. Executed in marble for some Rosicrucian temple, this curious work of art would attract pilgrims other than those who came to worship at the occult shrine, and more might stay to admire and wonder than to pray. In the same vague category we may include Miss Charlotte Hutton's pretty head of "A Bacchante" (1800). Iconic statues are rare this year; but the Central Hall contains an accomplished "Earl of Beaconsfield" (1673), by Mr. Birch, and a "Burns" (1679) for Ayr, by Mr. George Lawson, which is massive and striking, though a little extravagant in the legs, and scarcely carried far enough anywhere. With these we may mention Mr. Cauer's lively portrait-statuettes of "Mr. Walter Crane" (1729).

Among the portrait busts the first place must unquestionably be awarded to the diploma bronze by Mr. Brock of "Sir Frederick Leighton" (1717), a head very alert and distinguished in expression, beautifully handled, and hitting an exact mean between the romantic and the realistic manner. We congratulate the Royal Academy on so excellent an addition to its permanent collection. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "The late N. Clayton, Esq." (1772) is another bust of admirable merit—a *cire perdue*, by the way, and one of the most faultless casts we have ever seen. Mr. Onslow Ford's "J. McLure Hamilton" (1785) would seem more artistic if the hair and the very prominent moustache had received a broader treatment, but it is a very energetic piece of work. Among the other busts, those which, in going round the galleries, we have specially noted for approval are Mr. Brock's "N. Sherwood, Esq." (1703); Mr. Allen's grotesque "Study of a Head" (1715); Mr. Pegram's "Sir Edward Fry" (1720); Mr. Herbert Hampton's "Miss K. S. Death" (1773); and Mr. Pomeroy's "Arthur J. Ryle" (1807). As we have said, it is not a good year for portrait-busts, but that seems no reason for the acceptance of Nos. 1665 and 1821; there should, in these critical days, be recognized a limit of minimum merit.

Among the works in relief Mr. Roscoe Mullins's "Memorial Tablet to Dr. Woolridge" (1707) is broadly and effectively designed. A great charm of imaginative delicacy inspires Mr. Thornycroft's basso-relievo of a head, called "Lilian" (1696). Mr. Frampton's mysticism, and his kinship with such painters as M. Fernand Khnopff, are seen in his beautiful figurative entablature, named "The Vision" (1721), a woman with long fingers playing on a cithern, with her dreams portrayed around her. In spite of heterogeneous ornament and a too much divided composition, Mr. T. Stirling Lee's "Doors for the Adelphi Bank, Liverpool" (1756, 1759), are works of charming fancy and variety.

Among our animal sculptors—a small band, and, with certain exceptions, not a very artistic one—Mr. Robert Stark is taking more and more the leading place. His contributions this year are admirable. His bronze, called "Aspirations" (1685), shows us a wild goat, with its four feet close together, stretching up towards some sweet morsel of herbage; the composition very ingeniously forms an inverted pyramid. Not less highly finished and soundly

designed is the same artist's "John Peel" (1824), an equestrian statuette of rare merit. Mr. Gilbert Bayes's realistic and semi-humorous wax plaques in relief, illustrating scenes in the life of a horse, are capital sketches; but it is time that we should see what he can do in a more finished style. "Showing his Points" (1780) is delightful, and we urge Mr. Bayes to carry it out. "A Cat's Head" (1762), by Mr. Harry Dixon, is a good bronze.

SOME LIFE INSURANCE REPORTS.

AS the subject of life insurance is of the very greatest importance to all who wish to make provision either for their own old age or for their families, and as the Life Insurance Companies have lately been introducing many important reforms, it seems well to examine some of the reports which have been recently issued. It is true that the Government Blue-book was published at the end of March; but, unfortunately, of the 101 Companies dealt with by it, the returns of no fewer than 80 are for the calendar year 1891. The returns of the remaining 21 are for years ended at different times up to June 30, 1892. The accounts, it will be seen, are now very old, whereas the reports issued—which we propose to consider to-day—are for the calendar year 1892, and therefore are very much later. We shall begin with the Equitable, one of the oldest and best managed of the offices. It was established as long ago as 1762, or one hundred and thirty-one years since. The Company has no shareholders, consequently all the profits made are distributed amongst those who insure with it. It may be objected that, having no shareholders, it has no share capital to fall back upon in case of accident. But that is only important where there is mismanagement. With good management the premiums received and invested ought to be sufficient to meet all claims upon a Life Insurance Company. And assuming that there is good management, the fact that there are no shareholders to take part of the profits is of very material importance to the intending assurant. Let us see now how the accounts stand so as to draw an inference as to whether the management is good. During the year 1892 the premium income amounted to 156,541*l.*; interest and dividends amounted to 152,302*l.*, and there were a few small receipts raising the total income to 309,246*l.* On the other hand, the expenses of management were only 10,003*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, or just 6*½* per cent. of the premium income; while, if we compare it with the total income, the expenses of management were barely 3*½* per cent. The comparison, however, ought to be with the premium income, and instituting this we find the expense of management less than 6*½* per cent. It is clear, therefore, that the Company is managed very economically. The *Statist* in its analysis of the Government Blue-book every year classifies the various Companies dealt with under four heads—those which work at less than 10 per cent. of the premium income, those which work between 10 and 15 per cent., those which work between 15 and 20 per cent., and those which work at over 20 per cent. The first class is beyond all question managed most economically, and so far therefore offers the greatest advantages to the person intending to insure. Turning to our contemporary's article at the beginning of last April, we find that only 8 out of the 101 Companies dealt with work at less than 10 per cent. of the premium income, and we find, further, that there were only three out of the eight managed more cheaply than the Equitable; so that out of the whole 101 it was fourth on the list in regard to economy of management; and this was due, as the report states, to the fact that the Company employs no agents and pays no commissions. Next let us see what were the assets of the Company at the end of last year, and how they were invested. The report gives the value of the assets at 4,142,163*l.* The mortgages on property in England and Wales amounted to a little under 1,812,000*l.*, the mortgages on rates to 57,000*l.*, and the loans on policies made by the Society to somewhat over 213,000*l.* So that mortgages in England and Wales, mortgages on rates, and loans on the surrender value of policies amounted, roughly, to half the assets. British Government securities stand for 181,000*l.*, Indian and Colonial Government securities for nearly 350,000*l.*, railway and other debentures and debenture stocks to nearly 526,000*l.*, railway guaranteed stocks to nearly 99,000*l.*, Corporation bonds and stocks to 474,000*l.*, dock and harbour

bonds, 200,000*l.* The investments from this enumeration will be seen to have been made with caution and judgment. During the year 264 new policies were issued for an amount of 259,275*l.*, the premiums on which amounted to 13,444*l.* Claims arose in respect of 114 policies. The original sums assured amounted to 156,893*l.*, and the additions—irrespective of any bonuses which had been previously commuted, either for cash or reduction of premium—amounted to 180,247*l.*, being nearly 115 per cent. on the sums assured.

The Guardian, which is a limited Company with a paid-up capital of a million, carries on fire as well as life assurance business. Confining ourselves, however, to the life department, with which alone we are concerned now, we find that the premium income last year amounted to 190,980*l.*, and the expenses of management to 16,403*l.*, being 13½ per cent. on the premium income. This business, it will be seen, is not managed nearly so economically as that of the Equitable. It comes into the second class in the *Statist's* way of judging the rank of the offices—that is, those which work at between 10 and 15 per cent. of the premium income. Of the Companies dealt with in the Blue-book issued last March, thirty-two worked at between 10 and 15 per cent., and of the thirty-two, eighteen were worked at proportions somewhat less than those of the Guardian, so that it stood about twenty-seventh, in regard to economy of management, amongst the 101 Companies included in the Blue-book. Unlike the Equitable, the Guardian employs agents, and it likewise reassures with other Companies. To the extent that it does this, of course it has to share with other Companies the premiums received from those who assure with it; and, furthermore, being a proprietary Company, it has to pay dividends to the shareholders, so that the assurers do not obtain the whole of the profits earned. On the other hand, of course the proprietary capital can be fallen back upon in cases of heavy loss. At the end of last year the assets, according to the Report, amounted to 2,666,266*l.* Of this, mortgages within the United Kingdom amounted to very nearly 900,000*l.*; mortgages, wholly or partly, on Indian and Colonial securities to nearly 43,000*l.*; mortgages on life-interest policies to nearly 203,000*l.*; loans on the Company's policies to nearly 48,000*l.*—all these having together amounted to 1,291,203*l.* The investments appear to have been made judiciously. They include, of British Government securities, nearly 28,000*l.*; Metropolitan Stock, over 66,000*l.*; Indian and Colonial Government securities, 338,000*l.*; railway and other debentures and debenture stocks, 359,000*l.*; and leasehold ground-rents, 111,000*l.* During the year 649 new policies were issued, assuring 455,481*l.*, with annual premiums amounting to 14,065*l.* The Sun is likewise a proprietary Company, with a paid-up capital of 360,000*l.* Its premium income last year was 334,458*l.*, and the expenses of management were as much as 47,661*l.*, being about 14½ per cent. of the premium income. It will be seen that the management was not as economical as even that of the Guardian, and was much less so than that of the Equitable. The assets amounted at the end of the year to 2,608,032*l.* The mortgages within the United Kingdom were 622,588*l.*; outside the United Kingdom, 26,200*l.*; on life interests, 54,255*l.*; on county and district rates, nearly 139,000*l.* Coming next to the investments, we find that no British Government securities are held, and that the Indian Government securities amounted only to 50,350*l.*, while the colonial were 268,011*l.*, and foreign Government securities were 33,791*l.* But there are, of course, foreign Governments and foreign Governments, and we cannot say whether these investments are good or bad, since we do not know what the Governments are. The other investments seem to be judicious. But there is an item of "Agents' Balances" amounting to as much as 35,357*l.*, which appears very large. Some 2,212 new policies were issued, assuring 1,114,465*l.*, and yielding annual premiums of 41,027*l.* The claims made and surrendered amounted to 230,000*l.*

The Royal Insurance Company has a share capital of 375,702*l.*, and it reassures with other Companies. The premiums, deducting the reinsurance premiums last year, were 380,153*l.*, and the expenses of management were 49,426*l.*, the commissions being 18,489*l.* The expenses of management were just about 13 per cent. of the premium income, or considerably better than in the case of the Sun, and somewhat better than in the case of the Guardian. The Company does Fire as well as Life business, and it does not appear to keep the Life funds separate from the Fire.

The total assets at the end of the year are valued in the Report at 8,453,507*l.* The mortgages in Great Britain amount to nearly a million and a half, and the mortgages on freehold property out of the United Kingdom to 121,466*l.* There are British Government securities amounting to 266,293*l.*, Colonial Government and other Colonial securities, 240,073*l.* It would be interesting, considering what has just happened in Australia, to know a little more in detail what those securities are. Then we have United States Railway First Mortgage bonds and other United States securities amounting to 1,049,890*l.* Here again it would be desirable to have more detailed information; for it need not be observed that United States securities are of every degree of goodness and badness. The new assurances for the year amounted to 880,161*l.*, the premiums being 30,390*l.*, and the claims amounted to nearly 360,000*l.* The Gresham Life Assurance Society had a premium income last year of 706,703*l.*, and the commissions and expenses of all kinds amounted to 188,961*l.*, being about 26¾ per cent. of the premium income—an enormously heavy charge which it would be wise on the part of the directors to reduce as promptly as may be. There seems to be no reason why over 5s. out of every pound received should be spent in managing the affairs of the Company and in getting new business. The assets were valued at the end of the year at 5,012,206*l.* In the investments there is an item of "Foreign Government Securities," 783,394*l.*, to which the remark already made applies—what are the foreign Governments? Are they really all solvent? Loans on policies also seem large—nearly 367,000*l.* Branch offices and agents' balances amount to nearly 39,000*l.*—which appears a large sum—and outstanding premiums amount to 80,000*l.*, as well as outstanding interest and loans 69,000*l.*, both of which seem to require explanation. Does it mean that they are overdue? and, if so, why have these sums not been collected? The new premiums during the year amounted to 103,456*l.*, which, we are told, exceeds by 20,000*l.* the amount in any other year. The death claims during the year amounted to 356,083*l.*, and the endowment claims to nearly 73,000*l.*

MORE OLD DUTCH PICTURES.

ON Saturday last fresh evidence was given as to the value of old Dutch pictures. We ventured some weeks ago to express distinctly an opinion as to the respective valuations of two experts. Mr. Wertheimer, who backs his opinion by offering the money, says that Lord Henry Hope's eighty-three pictures now exhibited at South Kensington are worth 80,000*l.*, or rather less than 1,000*l.* each. But Mr. Woods considered they were worth more. Nevertheless, the cabinet of Mr. Field, which cannot be considered much, if at all, inferior to the Hope collection, only fetched an average of 600*l.*, and now—that is on Saturday last—the sale of another most important gallery, that of Mr. Mildmay, goes to confirm our view that 1,000*l.* a picture for such collections is in excess of the real value. Ninety lots fetched 44,021*l.* In further mitigation of the average, it must be remembered that the French picture by Watteau, which fetched 3,517*l.* 10s.; the Gainsborough, "Lord Mulgrave," which went for 598*l.* 10s.; the Reynolds, "Lord Rockingham," which went up to 693*l.*, must be taken out. Much regret is expressed in some quarters that Watteau still remains unrepresented in the National Gallery. This "Bal Champêtre" was a very pleasing example, with the artist's best colouring, and cannot be considered dear, the more so as Sir Frederic Burton is understood to have bought a "View on the Shore at Scheveningen," a little picture, but very brilliant, by Ruysdael, for 3,045*l.* We have already thirteen examples of this master—and, as we have said, nothing by Watteau. The collection was very rich in examples which had passed through the famous Verstolk van Soelen Gallery, dispersed in 1846, when the late Mr. Mildmay's share was twenty pictures, for which 4,543*l.* was paid. These twenty now sold for 16,214*l.*, a price which, though it is so far below the 1,000*l.* average of which we have been hearing, is still a good and instructive advance on the price of forty-seven years ago.

On the other hand, there was an instance in the sale of the reverse process. This was a grand landscape, with figures representing Abraham and Hagar, by the two Boths. This picture was sold in the Dunn collection for 309*l.* 15s., and

passed afterwards into the Rev. John Lucy's gallery. At his sale in 1875 it was immensely admired and went for what is probably the highest price ever given for a Both—namely, 4,725*l.* It now only fetched 1,144*l.* 10*s.* The two pictures by Pieter de Hooch were very much admired on the view days. One is wonderfully suffused with a rosy light, and looks as if the artist had deliberately set himself to solve all the most difficult problems in *chiaro-scuro* that he could think of. In the Verstolk Catalogue it was described as by Emanuel de Witte, for De Hooch was all but forgotten in the 'forties. The name of the artist is a matter of quite secondary consideration before such a picture, but the seeming flaw in the pedigree probably affected the price, which was only 735*l.* The other, a rather dark interior, was put in at 1,000*l.*, and speedily ran up to 2,940*l.* The fluctuations of prices have often of late years been illustrated by Hogarth's pictures; and the portrait of the artist's wife, which some people averred to be the most pleasing portrait in the room, and which twenty years ago was only thought worth 378*l.*, was now put in at four hundred guineas, and sold, after sharp competition, at 1,218*l.* It is rather sad to reflect that in the dispersal of so many rare, splendid, and interesting pictures the National Gallery has profited so little.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market continues in an exceedingly sensitive state. Last week the rate of discount in the open market ran up from about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.; early this week it had fallen back to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But every one engaged in the money market knows that an accident may at any moment send rates rapidly up once more, and consequently everybody is conducting business without being able to foresee from day to day what the value of money is likely to be. The main cause of the rapid fluctuations is the grave crisis in the United States. The Clearing House banks of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco have all been compelled to issue Clearing House certificates, the strong banks in the several Associations finding themselves in this way obliged to give assistance to the weak banks; and all over the Union, as our readers are aware, banks and commercial firms are failing in alarming numbers. A panic in New York under these circumstances would not surprise any one. Last week the New York exchange upon London fell sharply, so that it became possible to send gold from London to New York with a slight profit. Every one engaged in the money market jumped to the conclusion, therefore, that the gold would be sent in very large amounts; and, as a matter of fact, 100,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England and forwarded to New York. But the New York exchange upon London rose almost as rapidly as it had fallen, and the withdrawals from the Bank of England ceased. This week, however, there has been another fall in the exchange. So long as there is not a serious run upon the Associated Banks in New York, it is possible that the withdrawals may not begin again. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that the great capitalists in New York have the disposal of immense wealth, and also have high credit; that if necessary they would be able to borrow largely in this market, and, consequently, they have it in their power to take gold from the Bank of England. Bankers and bill-brokers know this very well; and consequently they fear that, if the crisis should deepen in New York, the great capitalists may, at any cost to themselves, obtain the gold to prevent a crash. And the decision of the Indian Government to close the Mints against the coinage of silver for private parties, and to introduce a gold standard, increases the uncertainty that already existed. It is everywhere assumed that the closing of the Indian Mints will determine Congress to repeal the Sherman Act; whatever doubts existed a week ago on that matter have now been removed. Will the almost general belief that the purchases of silver will end in a few months induce the great capitalists of New York to anticipate events, and to take gold from London for the purpose of restoring confidence in New York? That is one of the questions which bankers and bill-brokers have to ask themselves, and there are no means, as yet, of giving it an answer. Another question is, Will the general belief that the repeal of the Sherman Act is now assured stop the run upon the banks in the West and South, and will

it gradually lead to a revival of confidence all over the Union? Or, as the purchases of silver must continue until the Act is repealed, will those purchases increase the apprehensions that exist? Silver fell to 36*d.* per ounce on Monday when the policy of the Indian Government was announced. It fell to 35*d.* on the following day. It has since fallen to 31*d.* per oz., and nobody would be surprised if it were to fall below 30*d.* in a very short time. If silver goes on falling in that way, will it affect the popular imagination in America very powerfully? Will the public refuse altogether to accept silver certificates for the future, and will there be the scramble for gold that has been so long looked for? Nobody, of course, can answer the questions; but the uncertainty that exists respecting them makes the money market of London more and more apprehensive. The very doubt as to what will happen makes those who have very large engagements extremely nervous and ready to start whenever an accident occurs. Then, again, of course it is possible that the great Continental banks may take gold, concluding in the first place that the United States will repeal the Sherman Act in a few months now, and that then there will be an immense import of gold into New York, and that subsequently the Indian Government may begin to accumulate gold. At present that Government announces that it does not intend to introduce a gold currency; but as it has decided upon adopting a gold standard it may see reasons in the future for introducing a gold currency also; and, if so, India will be added to the list of countries that are eagerly bidding for the metal. With so many uncertainties, with so much distrust and so much bad business, it is not surprising that the London money market is exceedingly sensitive.

The fall in the value of money at the beginning of the week has been rapidly followed by another rise, the discount rate in the open market being now $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Partly the advance is due to the near approach of the end of the half-year; but mainly, as pointed out above, it is the result of the very critical state of New York. This week the rate of interest in New York has ranged from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. There are rumours of impending great failures, and at any moment there may be a panic. The decision of the Indian Government to stop the coinage of silver has taken the American people completely by surprise. The silver market is utterly disorganized, and the gravest fears are entertained as to the consequences. The run upon the banks in the West and South continues, and consequently bankers and bill-brokers in the City are apprehensive that gold may be withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York. The New York exchange upon London is now low enough to admit of gold being sent without loss; but of course, in the present state of things, it will not be sent as an ordinary exchange transaction. On the other hand, the great capitalists will find means to withdraw it from the Bank and ship it to New York if it becomes necessary to do so to prevent a panic, or to stop one should it break out.

The closing of the Indian Mints has completely disorganized the silver market. On Wednesday the price of the metal in New York fell to 67, making the intrinsic value of the silver dollar only about 52 cents, or little more than half its legal value. In London all dealing is practically stopped. The quotations are purely nominal, for no business is done, and nobody would purchase at the quoted rates. Nominally, however, the price is 31*d.* per oz. This is a fall of 6*d.* per oz. since Saturday, or about 16 per cent. It is generally regarded as certain that the action of the Indian Government will compel the United States Congress to repeal the Sherman Act. If so, the Mints of every great civilized country will be closed against silver, and nobody can foresee how great the fall in the metal may be. Naturally that must cause a great disturbance in the trade with the silver-using countries, while it will very injuriously affect the finances of such countries. Perhaps the greatest sufferer will be Mexico. She will be affected in two ways. Between one-half and two-thirds of her total exports consist of silver, and the more that is depreciated the more, of course, will her purchasing power fall off. Furthermore, the Government collects its revenue in silver, and it has to pay interest upon its foreign debt in gold, therefore it will suffer just as the Indian Government was suffering; and of course Mexico is less able to bear the loss by exchange than India.

The first effect of the closing of the Indian Mints was to stimulate still further the speculation in Rupee-paper, the

price having gone up on Monday and Tuesday to somewhat over 71. But on Wednesday there was a reaction, and the quotation fell to 69½. Partly this was the result of disappointment at the allotment of Council bills and telegraphic transfers on Wednesday, when 60 lakhs of rupees were offered for tender, and only about 22 lakhs were sold, the prices generally being 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 3¼d. per rupee. It must be borne in mind, however, that the purchases of drafts previously had been very large. Whether the Indian Government can succeed in keeping the rupee at 16d. experience alone can tell us. But it is not reasonable to expect that the mere announcement that it intends to try to do so should have the effect aimed at. The fall in silver was stimulated by the alarm excited, chiefly abroad, by the closing of the Indian mints. In the United States, as said above, the decision was not expected. It is feared that many of the American mines will have to be closed, and it is evident that the railway Companies which serve the principal silver-mining districts must also suffer heavily. Consequently the crisis, which was already severe, has been intensified, and we must prepare for serious accidents. The Berlin Bourse, too, has been greatly disturbed. For a long time there has been a great speculation in Berlin in Mexican securities of all kinds. The fall in silver makes it extremely problematical whether either the Mexican Government or the Mexican railway Companies will be able to meet their engagements. Naturally the speculators have been alarmed. They have sold on a great scale, and by so doing they have broken down the whole market. Especially there has been a considerable decline in Italian Rentes, which, like Mexican securities, have for a long time been largely dealt in on the Berlin Bourse. The decision of the Indian Government likewise threatens to bring the Latin Union to an end. In round figures the five-franc legal tender pieces of the nations forming the Latin Union amount to about four milliards, or 160 millions sterling. By far the greater part of this immense mass of silver is in France, and a powerful party in France is agitating for a denunciation of the Union, the object being to compel the other nations of the Union to take back from France the silver coined by them but which is circulating in France. Altogether, the outlook is very grave, and investors will do well to keep aloof from the markets for the present.

The speculation in Rupee-paper received a decided check on Wednesday. The price closed on Thursday at 69½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½, but a fall from the highest point reached of nearly 2. In silver securities proper the fall has been very great. Mexican Government Six per Cent. bonds closed on Thursday at 60½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 13; Mexican Railway Ordinary stock closed at 12½, a fall of 5½; Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at 63½, a fall of 12½; Mexican Central Four per Cent. bonds closed at 53½, a fall of 8½; and Denver Railway Preference shares closed at 39½, a fall of 11½. Generally, international securities have declined, owing to the weakness of the Berlin Bourse in consequence of the break in silver. Egyptian Unified, for example, closed on Thursday at 99½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Spanish Fours closed at 65½, a fall of 1½; Italian closed at 91, a fall of 1½, and Greeks of '81 closed at 46, a fall of 3. Argentine have also given way. The Five per Cents of '86 closed on Thursday at 66, a fall of 2½ compared with the preceding Thursday, and the Funding Loan closed at 68½, a fall of 4½. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed at 57-9, a fall of 7; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 99-101, also a fall of 7; and Central Argentine closed at 58, a fall of 7½. In the American market there has been likewise a very sharp fall. To begin with the speculative securities, which are entirely unsuited to the investor, but which often show the drift of a market most expressively, Atchison stock closed on Thursday at 20½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4½; Erie Ordinary closed at 16½, a fall of 2½; Erie Preferences closed at 34-5, a fall of 4; Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 91, also a fall of 4; and Union Pacific shares closed at 24½, a fall of 5½. Coming now to the dividend-paying shares, Milwaukee closed at 67½, a fall of 3½; Lake Shore closed at 123½, a fall of 3½; and Illinois Central closed at 90½, a fall of 5½. Home Railway stocks also gave way. Caledonian closed at 116, a fall of 1½; Brighton "A" closed at 156½, a

fall of 1½; Great Western closed at 159, a fall of 1; and North-Western closed at 168½, a fall of 1½. There has not been much movement in Colonial Government stocks, but bank shares have given way further. Those of the Bank of New South Wales closed on Thursday at 46, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4; and those of the Bank of Australasia closed at 64½, a fall of 3.

THEATRES.

CONTRARY to some dismal expectations, M. Mounet-Sully was happily well enough on Tuesday night to undertake at Drury Lane a part with which his name is inseparably associated elsewhere. Probably no part in his repertory is better suited to his manly, picturesque style than the purely romantic figure of Ruy Blas. At other times and under other circumstances there have been many exponents of the character, the most familiar to playgoers of a past generation being that of Fichter; but even among these M. Mounet-Sully stands pre-eminent. We do not propose here and now to go into the merits of the play. If it is to live at all, it must be taken as pure romance, and as pure romance M. Mounet-Sully wisely treats it. To English audiences, unfamiliar with the achievements of the Comédie Française, the French actor's rendering of the part is little short of a revelation. The huge size of the theatre might well have tempted a less discreet actor into excesses of gesture and elocution which would have been completely excusable under the circumstances; but any apology on that score was rendered unnecessary by the admirable judgment displayed by the Ruy Blas of the evening. The contrast was finely marked between the confidence and amorous energy of the presumptuous lover of the Queen and the half-submission, half-defiance of the menial in the scene in the third act with Don Salluste. The actor's best opportunity from an elocutionary point of view occurs in the long speech to the Council in the third act. This was given with fine spirit and dignity; but, though this was no doubt most effective from a purely theatrical point of view, some touches of tenderness and devotion to the Queen were even more admirable for their naturalness. Mme. Bartet's performance as the Queen was extremely womanly and sympathetic; the Don César of M. Baillet was capitally rendered, and the humour and *diablerie* of Mme. Ludwig's Casilda were delightful. Equally excellent in their way were the Don Salluste of M. Paul Mounet, and the Guritan of M. Martel. It was especially pleasant to note the almost reverential regard paid to the proper enunciation of Victor Hugo's musical verse. *Edipe Roi* was given on Thursday night. It is superfluous to describe M. Mounet-Sully's rendering of this famous part. Yet it may be said that he has never surpassed Thursday night's performance. Dignity, rage, tenderness, and finally despair and agony were shown with the truth which is the key-note to the actor's strange power over his audience. Mme. Lerou as Jocaste, was perfect in giving effect to the various emotions to which her very difficult part gives play.

The opening of Daly's Theatre is an event important not only in the record of a London season, but in a far wider sense. Mr. Augustin Daly may be credited with a complete knowledge of his own interests, and from that point of view it might seem like an impertinence to remark on his selection of so familiar a programme as that with which he has opened his new venture. A justification may be found, apart from the necessary shortness of the season, that as Katharine Miss Ada Rehan is seen absolutely at her best. If we except her *Rosalind*, it is at once her most ambitious and her most successful effort. On Tuesday night improvement appeared in a part which had hitherto seemed to show the actress at a point of excellence. Time and study, however, have combined to present Miss Rehan's Katharine in an even more attractive form than before; more attractive, and more legitimately so, because the Katharine now seeks to impress us more by her carefully-studied rendering of the character than by her own great personal fascinations. These of course still remain in full force, but the added care and attention in the matter of detail are nevertheless very striking. From the moment of her magnificently stormy first entrance, it is now obvious that the Katharine forms the subject of a subtle character-study. The gradations of conquest and

subjugation are marked with such delicacy and fine discrimination as could be achieved only by an actress who had entered thoroughly into the workings of the mind of the subdued woman. Mr. George Clarke may be regarded as heir to Alexander in following Mr. Drew's Petruccio; but, in spite of the disadvantage he was under in succeeding an actor who had so moulded his style as to form an almost perfect complement to that of Miss Rehan, his firmness and sound judgment made him an excellent Petruccio. Most of the company are well known to English admirers in the parts they played on Tuesday. It is sufficient now to note the effective and dignified Baptista of Mr. Henry Lorraine, and the sprightly Lucretia of Mr. Creston Clarke. At the beginning of the evening's proceedings, Miss Ada Rehan, nervously, but with pointed eloquence, spoke some lines, written by Mr. Clement Scott. "Who talks of jealousy?" asks Mr. Scott—a question which should have been barred by one of two reasons. One would be that the sentiment existed, the other that it did not. The new theatre is very handsome, externally and internally, and if it were as completely isolated on the west as it is on the north and east, the south facing Cranbourne Street, little, if anything, would be left to be desired.

REVIEWS.

"NO SURRENDER!"

IT was a tolerably obvious, but an excellent, idea which came to Mr. Philip Dwyer when he bethought him at the present crisis of exhibiting to Englishmen and loyal Irishmen the deeds of the famous men, their fathers, in a former crisis of the apparently imminent triumph of Home Rule. We apologize, indeed, to King James, and even to Tyrconnel, for comparing them with the present Nationalist leaders; but partly by the King's misfortune, partly by his fault, the question was at that time very much one of Particularism v. real Nationalism, and it is quite certain that anti-English feeling, much more than loyalty, was at the bottom of the support which he met with in Ireland.

Mr. Dwyer sees this, and is a very strong Unionist—unable to leave the moral to sink, as perhaps he might have left it, unenforced into his reader's mind. But he is by no means a partisan in the unfair sense. He does his best to be just to James, he points out how (in curious contradistinction to the next French-Irish war in Ireland, though this we note, not he) the French, much rather than the Irishry, were responsible for the cruelties perpetrated. He exhibits to the full that curious lapse, or interval of qualified "surrender" which the gallant and reverend Mr. Walker passes over, and he has a good word even for Kirke, at which the ghost of that unanimously abused commander must at this moment be swearing gruff thanks. That is to say, he points out that, cruel as Kirke's delay may appear, the relief may well have looked more hazardous than it actually proved, and that the alternative plan adopted of maintaining the station at Inch and worrying the flanks and communications of the enemy did actually prevent a concentration which might have been fatal both to Derry and Enniskillen. He is exceedingly frank in dealing with the vexed question of the strength of the French-Irish force, as to which our own opinion, if it be worth anything, is that there were never twenty thousand men at one time besieging Derry itself, but that that number fairly enough represents the number of troops operating in the North-West generally, and maintained by reinforcements. For some reason which we do not quite seize, unless it is the warmth of the mere man of documents with the man who can work documents into literature, he is excessively hard on Macaulay. But he seems to us only once to fall into that worst pitfall of partisanship, the attempt to devise clumsy and damaging defences. When endeavouring to purge the "glorious and immortal" of the charge of neglecting the losses and claims of the defenders of Derry, he tries to throw the blame on the resumption proceedings of the House of Commons, which deprived William of his power of bestowing forfeited lands. Alas! alas! the persons upon whom he *had* bestowed them were very different. Lord Albemarle and Lady Orkney were not, to the best of our humble belief, concerned in manning the bastions that foiled the French engineers, nor had they any experience of the "French butter" (to wit tallow), and the "Dutch flour" (to wit starch), wherewith the heroic garrison kept life in them, when they kept it at all. The services which these victims of the

Commons' jealousy and parsimony rendered to that Protestant hero were different.

But enough of this. It is a pleasanter and also a more relevant task to turn to Mr. Dwyer's new presentation of Walker's collected literary remains. As too often happens, there is an unpleasant side to this otherwise glorious affair. Walker, who, though a very staunch Protestant, was quite as staunch a Churchman, was accused by the Derry Dissenters of not having given them their due share of praise, and certain persons (of whom a rather un-reverend, and at any rate very venomous, Mr. Mackenzie, was chief) declared that he was never governor at all, but only a lieutenant-governor for the special purpose of store-keeping; that he was not too faithful in that comparatively humble office, that he actually tried to bring about surrender in that episode on which he is silent, and so forth. Mr. Dwyer, with immense and very admirable pains, has brought together in his ample notes all the parallel passages bearing on these jars from Mackenzie, from the very valuable and obviously unbiassed narrative of Captain Ash, from the quaint verse-history—one of the latest and minutest of such things—of Aiken, and from others. We do not think that the reputation of one of the most famous representatives of the Church militant comes badly out of the examination. That Walker was at no time sole governor—first Baker, and, after Baker's death, Mitchellburne being conjoined with him—is certain, and he himself says so. Also it may be that he gives himself in his own account the *beau rôle* to the extent that almost everybody does give it, except nasty critical creatures, who are from the first looking at what the other fellow will say. But, in all important points, his account is borne out by all impartial contemporaries, while of the account of his enemy Mackenzie by no means the same can be said. In particular, Mackenzie's story of the negotiations, though no doubt correct as to their having happened (for Ash confirms him), is, we quite agree with Mr. Dwyer, incredible and self-contradictory as regards Walker, who is represented first as making them fail by exaggerating favourable reports, and then as urging surrender in the teeth of others' wishes. Walker's signature above Baker's in the letter to Kirke captured by the Jacobites; the phrase "the Governors," in the plural, constantly used by a person like Ash, who obviously had no axe to grind; the thanks of the House of Commons, unquestioned in a time of virulent party agitation, all things, in short, prove Walker to be substantially a true man as well as a gallant by external evidence of a kind not reasonably to be questioned.

The internal evidence is, if possible, stronger. We might almost parody the poet a little, and say:—

To doubt his valour were to want a heart,
To doubt his truth were, sure, to want a brain.

The tone of his *Vindication*, as Mr. Dwyer very justly observes, is not in the least like the work of a swaggerer or a pretender. It is perfectly modest and candid, admits the possibility of mistakes in detail, apologizes for unintentional slights, deals patiently with the various charges, and is altogether the work either of a very honest man or of a much more diabolically clever one than either friends or foes assert "Governor Walker" to have been. It has however, of course, save for historical students and persons with the passion for examining evidence, not a hundredth part the interest of the *Account*. This still remains one of the gallantest *historiettes* of a gallant action in the artless and simple manner to be anywhere found.

The first few pages, indeed, may not excite very lively hopes, for the negotiations and disputes about the attitude of the town to King James and King William were complicated, and Walker was not quite the man to make them clear. Even with all that has been written about it, the exact position of the "traitor" Lundy is very obscure, and it seems to us that considerably more blame attached to Colonel Cunningham and Richards than to him. Walker is accused of not making enough of the Prentice Boy incident, and, later, of omitting the dramatic effect of Adam Murray's sudden appearance with his party of horse when there was a doubt whether Lundy would succeed in handing over the town. But, in fact, his precise chronicle only begins from the time of his own election as governor, and when he and Baker had before them the task of defending, against an army officered by some of the best trained soldiers in Europe, a town not, indeed, slenderly garrisoned, but with no experienced officers or even soldiers in it, very few cavalry, no forage, no engineers, "no fireworks, not so much as a hand grenade," ill-mounted guns, not more (as it was at first thought) than ten days' provisions, and no certain prospect of relief whatever. The rest is generally known, but worth reading again in this racy version;—how the enemy "made a battery at eighty perches," and thence not merely cannonaded but bombarded the town, the shells in some instances weighing two hundredweight and a half;

* *The Siege of Derry in 1689*. Edited by the Rev. Philip Dwyer, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

how the defenders "sallied out as many as pleased, and with what officers were at leisure," but killed great numbers of the enemy, including the French general, Maumont (whom some will have to have been slain in single combat by Murray); how a week later Walker himself headed a stronger sally of nearly twelve hundred men, effectually prevented the enemy from establishing a new battery, killing 200 and wounding 500, more than half of whom afterwards died, and captured five pairs of colours; and how the enemy by a very detestable stratagem obtained the "only boat we had left; for the gentlemen that left us," says Walker dryly, "took all our boats and left them to the sea and wind." But perhaps the most characteristic instance of Walker's powers of description (which it will be seen were not exactly of the "literary" kind) is his account of the second fight at the windmill on June 4, which shall be given:—

'June 4. The Besiegers make an Attack at the Wind-Mill Works, with a Body of Foot and Horse; the Horse they divided into three Squadrons, and Assaulted us at the Rivers side, it being Low water; the Foot Attack the rest of our Line. The Front of the Horse was composed of Gentlemen that had bound themselves by an Oath, that they would mount our Line; they were Commanded by Captain Butler, second Son to my Lord Montgarret. Our Men placed themselves within our Line in three Ranks, so advantageously that one Rank was always ready to march up and relieve the other, and discharge successively upon the Enemy, which (tho' 'tis strange how they could think otherwise) was great surprise and astonishment to them; for they it seems expected we should make but one single Volley, and then they could fall in upon us. Their Foot had Fagots laid before them for a defence against our Shot; they and the Horse began with a loud Huzza, which was seconded from all parts of their Camp with most dreadful shrieks and howlings of a numerous Rabble that attended the Enemy. The Fagot Men are not able to stand before our Shot, but are forced to quit their New defence and Run for it: Capt. Butler tops our work, which was but a dry Bank of 7 foot high at the Water side, and thirty of his Sworn party of Horse follow him. Our Men wondered to find they had spent so many Shot, and that none of them Fell: But Capt. Crooke observed they had Armour on and then commanded to Fire at their Horses, which turned to so good account that but three of these bold Men with much difficulty made their Escape. We wonder'd the Foot did not (according to Custom) run faster, till we took notice that in their Retreat they took the Dead on their backs, and so preserved their own Bodies from the remainder of our Shot, which was more Service than they did when alive.'

And the exploit of my Lord Clancarty is also good:—

'June 30. At ten of the clock at night my L. Clancarty at the Head of a Regiment, and with some Detachments possesses himself of our Line, and enters some Miners in a low Cellar under the half Bastion. Capt. Noble, Capt. Dunbar and several Gentlemen sally by Order at the Bishops-Gate, and creep along the Wall till they came very near the Enemies Guards; our Men received their Firing quietly, till they got to a right distance, and then thundered upon them. Our Case-Shot from the Bastion and small Shot off the Walls second the Salliers Firing so effectually, that his Lordship was forc'd to quit his Post, and hasten to the main Body of the enemy, and to leave his Miners and an hundred of his best Men dead upon the place; besides, several Officers and Souldiers were wounded, and died of their Wounds some days after this Action, as we were informed. We were often told, That some great thing was to be perform'd by this Lord; and they had a Prophecy among them That a Clancarty should knock at the Gates of Derry; the credulity and superstition of his Country, with the vanity of so brave an Attempt, and some good Liquor, easily warm'd him to this bold Undertaking; But we see how little value is to be put on Irish Prophecies, or Courage so supported.'

But it is not the picture of the siege in literary style for which we go to Walker and the other authorities cited by Mr. Dwyer, including even the unimaginable poet Aiken. Macaulay has done the rhetorical part; and, though we are no fanatical Macaulayites, we think he has done it once for all. It is in the originals that one finds the little pieces of evidence which show the indomitable spirit of the Ulstermen. It is true that, as Walker himself fully testifies, they had—and no wonder—outbreaks of that strange, or not strange, "siege fever" which, naturally enough, causes heats and quarrels between men cooped up, helpless, and half-starved. Baker and Mitchellburne, both heroes and patriots *s'il en fût*, drew on each other in full council, and Walker was the object of all sorts of suspicion. But the curious capitulation episode above referred to illustrates the spirit of the garrison almost more than their "No surrender!" itself. Starving as they were, they stood out for a fortnight's further time to enable the relief to come, and for the full honours of war, &c., for themselves; and it was the refusal of the besiegers

to grant these terms—which, considering Kirke's strength and neighbourhood, were as good as a refusal to surrender—that broke off the parley. If this was their way of surrendering, it is not surprising that their "No surrender!" succeeded.

NOVELS.*

THE Man in Possession is a novel that does not soar beyond the commonplace, but, within this limit, it is interesting and well written enough. The characters are not unnatural, and remain faithful to their several rôles throughout. Tom Rivers, we are told, does "nothing that the conventional and proper-minded hero does"—and we are grateful for the hint, otherwise his marked originality might not have been detected. To mention only a few of his characteristics, he was a woman-hater before coming across Kate O'Brien; he has fascinatingly Radical views about social problems, and intends to reform the world some day through the medium of a political career; he is noble-minded and somewhat eccentric, rich, but above setting any store by his wealth. The heroine, too, is "not an atom conventional." She is nevertheless aristocratic, strikingly beautiful, strangely fascinating at first sight, poor, but proud, has a wonderful gift for acting, and a "lovely rich contralto." The rival, in the shape of a young baronet, lives very much up to his reputation; we are not even told that he is an exception to his kind. He is rich, titled, drunken, cares for nothing but sport and music-halls, is both weak and tyrannical, stupid almost to idiocy, and talks magnificent slang. The whole book is delightfully free from *fin-de-siècle* defects, and has a soothing flavour of yesterday about it.

A novel of the same stamp is *A Deformed Idol*. It is the history of a first and only love, which is finally rewarded for its constancy. The teller of the tale is himself an author who steps into fame the moment he appears in print. At a ball, a friend bids him "Come along and I'll introduce you to some of our society belles. I have been requested by several, who are dying to speak to the celebrated author." We feel the heartiest sympathy for his reply. "Spare me, an' you love me, Tom. I would rather be on the rack than talking to one of your society belles." Indeed, a pair of permanent thumbscrews might be preferable to breathing the atmosphere wherein move the "greatest beaus" and "fashionable and romantic belles" of Mr. Moran's novel. The story opens well, but drifts more and more into the commonplace as the plot develops.

Clenched Antagonisms is a powerful and ghastly narrative of the triumph of force over virtue as shown through the seduction of an innocent girl. The bitterness of the author is extreme and is visible in every detail of the book. She is evidently an uncompromising man-hater, for every male character is given a liberal share of cruelty, villany, brutality, and despicable meanness, with hardly the shadow of a virtue to put in the balance. The appeal for justice would be far more forcible—for alas! there is much truth in the case represented—were it not for the one-sided exaggeration by which it is weighted. Lewis Iram has recognized the fact that women suffer many injuries, but she seems to be deluded into thinking that they inflict none. The strong will ever oppress the weak, but women too have power of another kind, and often make but an evil use of it. Nevertheless the book gives a striking illustration of the barbarous incongruities that still exist in the midst of an advanced civilization.

It is refreshing to turn from these to a novel of adventure, *The Red Sultan*. Besides that the "remarkable adventures in Western Barbary of Sir Cosmo MacLaurin" are highly entertaining, the book has yet another charm not always bestowed on a novel of this kind. Knowledge of human nature and of the types of different national character is here set forth in a manner that is distinct without exaggeration, dramatic and yet not melodramatic. From the Red Sultan himself and the principal Scotch characters in the book down to the most insignificant slave who is only casually mentioned, every one of the characters has the stamp of human nature, and yet each specimen is naturally varied and modified by race, circumstance, and the other influences that are brought to bear upon it. The story is told in the first person and with great dexterity, for neither does the personality of the

* *The Man in Possession*. A Novel. By "Rita." London: F. V. White & Co.

A Deformed Idol. By J. J. Moran. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

Clenched Antagonisms. By Lewis Iram. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

The Red Sultan. By J. MacLaurin Cobban. London: Chatto & Windus.

Studies and Stories. By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Innes & Co. 1893.

Waynflete. By Christabel R. Coleridge. London: Innes & Co.

narrator protrude itself unduly, nor can one detect any inconsistency with his character whether in sentiment or manner of expression. Now and then a vein of humour comes to the surface, and gives a pleasant homely sensation in the midst of all the grim and gorgeous events of Moorish life. Throughout, the pictures of the Oriental world are vivid, but they are always shown to us through the medium of an English mind and from a European point of view. As an instance, what could be more forcibly yet more simply given than the following description of the women of the country?—

'I think I cannot better describe how curiously they touched me than by saying this: I feel that either I had never seen or known women before, that the women of the North were little other than men, and these were the only kind of women, or that the women I had known before were truly women, and these were only animals—beautiful engaging animals, but animals only.'

Both the charm and the repugnance that are awakened by the East come before us at every page, and we feel alternately that

If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed aught else.

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlie smells,

An' the sunshine and the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple bells.'

And yet that the soil on which we were born, and the loved sound of our mother-tongue, make the only prop that supports us.

The "Stories" in Mrs. Molesworth's volume are of unequal value. "Princess Ice-heart" is an indifferent fairy-tale. "Old Gervais," a mild ghost-story, is set in a very pleasing background of old-fashioned French château life. "The Abbaye de Cerisy" professes to be a true story, and suggests a solution to the mystery which hangs round the death of the unfortunate Louis XVIII. "The Sealskin Purse," also "founded on fact," deals with the uncomfortable situation of a young lady who, having been falsely accused of stealing a purse, afterwards discovers it in the lining of her jacket. An anecdote of a hospital ward, entitled "Once Kissed," is charmingly told, and the element of pathos running through it is so delicately and beautifully indicated that to read it awakens more pleasure than pain.

The "Studies" are addressed to a different audience. They are a series of essays on the much-vexed question of the education of girls in the upper grades of society, and are divided under the titles "Coming Out," "Hans Christian Andersen," "Mrs. Ewing's Less Well-known Books," and "Fiction: its Use and Abuse." We must confess to a certain disappointment as to the conclusions arrived at by one who has devoted so much time and thought to the subject, and who has evidently wished to face the problems connected with it from an unprejudiced point of view. Her advice may be summarized as follows:—Let girls be brought up to consider pleasure as a recreation, not as an object of life; let them undertake some work such as Sunday-school teaching, district-visiting, &c., to make them feel they are of use in the world; don't let them read novels the first thing in the morning, or the last thing at night; in the afternoon judiciously selected works of fiction may be allowed as a recreation; and, finally, if they are incapable of understanding marriage in the highest sense, by all means let a marriage of the practical kind be arranged for them. We are told that "the days are yet to come when the French system will be to any extent adopted in England"; this delay, apparently, is a matter for regret, and a pathetic appeal is made to disencumber the ground of discontented, idle, tiresome old maids, if only the "commonplace and easily contented man can be found who would be satisfied with his share of the bargain." It is acknowledged that the education of girls has improved; but Mrs. Molesworth seems to have missed the fundamental principle of the salvation of women from the modern point of view—namely, freedom. In other words, a woman has a right to choose her own bondage, whether matrimonial or otherwise. No one will deny that there are numberless women "incapable of understanding marriage in the highest sense"; but even these would be no worse off if the "arranged" marriages were arranged not "for them," but by themselves, and the difference to the "easily contented man" would be considerable. What is most revolting to the English mind in the French system is that, not only the woman, but the man, becomes a mere implement in the hands of his elders; for he at least is supposed to be a rational being, while the woman it is assumed is not. It would show a better state of things were our indignation aroused as much by the submission of one as of the other. If a girl is old enough in years to marry, she should be old enough in judgment to choose for herself.

In speaking of the books children should read, Mrs. Moles-

worth says that "suggestion in the very faintest degree of aught, not only that they *should* not, but even that they *need* not yet know, cannot, of course, be avoided with too exquisite a scrupulousness." We feel tempted, with all deference, to contradict this statement. The old motto was "Keep girls ignorant, and they will be innocent," or, in other words, "You don't know how to walk, and I cannot sanction your learning for fear you should fall." It is generally admitted that such a sentiment is out of date, yet for long it has been such a deeply-rooted idea that even the reformers who acknowledge its fallacy have not the courage to replace it by a truth. Nature's principle is not to teach, but to allow her children to learn, and if in the human world this method cannot be exclusively followed, it is yet clear, although Mrs. Molesworth would seem to dispute it, that the wisest education is that which teaches the pupil *how* to learn. Although learning of a particular kind is often made so distasteful to children that many years are wasted before their hatred for it can be eradicated, it nevertheless is a fact that acquiring knowledge is the mainspring of happiness in a child's existence. When we look back, what can exceed the magic delight of having discovered something of which we were ignorant before? It would surely be to greater advantage if parents spent their pains, not in decreeing that this book must be read, and another not, but in teaching *how* to read. Then, whether their children got hold of good books, rubbish, or bad books, they will not only remain unharmed, but will benefit by them.

It is amazing to find, set in the midst of an otherwise appreciative article on Hans Andersen, a sentence such as this:—"In making a still more careful choice for children's own reading, many further stories and sketches might be retained and added, *with but very slight modifications and suppressions*; such being, in almost every instance, *only called for through the author's irrepressible love of the weird and ghastly*." The italics are ours.

In *Waynflete* the old idea of the family ghost is well treated. Without being strikingly original, it is imaginative, and has a pleasing tone of genuineness throughout. The cloud of supernatural mystery is spread from end to end; from the first page which bears the grim motto by Mr. Rudyard Kipling—"To each man is appointed his particular dread; the terror that if he does not fight against it, will cow him even to the loss of his manhood"—to the last where we are promised an answer in the world beyond. The reader's credulity is very cleverly entrapped, not so much by the description of the ghostly presence as by the faithful reality of the characters connected with it. The two moods thus become interwoven—the mystery is real and the reality mysterious. The author has admirably depicted the different effects of the spirit world on different temperaments, and the wonder-working power of self-sacrificing sympathy is also expressed with great beauty and refinement of feeling.

DR. VERRALL ON THE *CHOËPHORI*.*

IT is no disparagement of Dr. Verrall's commentary in his edition of the *Choëphori* to say that the most interesting part of the volume is the Introduction. The views which he has to put forward on the obscurities of classical scholarship are so subtle and original, but argued out so lucidly and persuasively, that it becomes an intellectual pleasure, not a weariness of the brain, to follow, to absorb, to think about, and perhaps to disagree with them. We must pass over the other matters on which he touches, and go straight to the central point—his treatment of the difficulties arising from the famous and much discussed Scene of Recognition between Electra and Orestes. Euripides in the "tragi-comedy of the *Electra*," as Dr. Verrall calls it, sneers at the proofs of identity by which Æschylus is supposed to have represented the sister as convinced that she is speaking to her brother. These proofs are that the lock of his hair is like hers, that his footmark fits her foot, and that he possesses a piece of her weaving. Would any sensible girl pin her judgment to such inadequate evidence? No, says Euripides, and for saying so he has been bitterly assailed by certain German and other critics who resent any slight on their Æschylus. No, says Dr. Verrall, urging that the inference of Euripides was sound, but deduced from false data. The defence of Euripides is that he misunderstood the original or misrepresented it, but that—the error being allowed for—he was justified in his unjust censure. Dr. Verrall gives up or disowns the various lines followed by Schlegel, Paley, and Conington—Schlegel, who fell with fury on Euripides; Paley, who does not see why Æschylus should be held impeccable; and Conington, who does not concern himself to

* *The Choëphori of Æschylus*. With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

rebut the ridicule of Euripides, because "the point in which it is meant to touch Æschylus is one which his admirers would most readily give up, his attention to probability and the nicer proprieties of the drama." The studies of Euripides in the *Chœphori* were, Dr. Verrall suggests, hasty and superficial:—

'What I now propose to show is that his exposition is utterly wrong, the not unnatural blunder of a poet in vogue picking up at random for a temporary purpose the "general sense" of an author, not very clear, whom he much disliked, despised a little, and complacently believed to be gone once for all out of date. And I propose to show further that, for all we know, no one in antiquity, except Euripides, ever did accept his interpretation, and that at all events as soon as a methodic criticism existed in Athens—that is to say, in the generation following Euripides's death—his error, if current before, was detected, and a better opinion established. For the germ of my theory, and therefore indirectly for all of it, I am indebted to my friend Professor Ridgeway, of this University. The hint which he gave me in conversation some years ago has been freely developed, and he is not responsible either for the whole product or any particular element. But whatever he will recognize is his.'

Æschylus wrote his plays, Dr. Verrall reminds us, for an audience versed, like himself, in a "small but widely popular literature of poetic narrative"—he was in the position of one setting scenes from the Bible for a compact community of Protestants. We may take it, therefore, that in the plot he was following authority, and a familiar authority. If what he says is obscure, we must look for what he assumes. We must try, as it were, to imagine ourselves knowing and believing just what his audience knew and believed.

What, then, did Euripides improperly read into the text of Æschylus on each of the three points he selected for criticism? As to the comparison of the brother's and sister's feet, the words of the original assert, not equality, but resemblance. The correspondence alleged is one of type, not one of size. And then we come to the more problematical part of Dr. Verrall's contention. It is suggested that the tradition which Æschylus would, as we have seen, faithfully follow must have assigned to the royal and foreign family to which Orestes and Electra belonged certain physical peculiarities, passed on from each generation to the next, and amongst these may have been a special configuration of the feet.

'That the feet are tell-tale members is a familiar fact which unscientific observation would readily suggest and employ. Professor Robertson Smith has given me an excellent illustration. Among the Arabs the word *caif* signifies, first, "a tracker of men and animals," and afterwards "a person called in to determine disputed questions of parentage by the physical appearance of the child." This combination of meanings points to a belief that family likeness was visible in the feet, which belief appears also in several Arabic stories. In respect of extent, in its broad and radical character, the difference of type described may be compared with that between the feet of negroes and of whites.'

An ingenious hypothesis, at least. On the second point—as to the hair—Dr. Verrall insists still more strongly on the external origin of the breed of Pelops, not Hellenic but Asiatic. Without a moment's doubt Electra declares that the hair is not her mother's:—

'Now what an extraordinary family this must be! Here is a woman who says "This is a hair which runs in our family. It is like mine. I think it must be that of my unknown brother," and presently adds, "It is certainly not my mother's." Who does not see that, in the case of common experience, this last remark would knock the bottom out of the previous inference? An ordinary man is quite as likely to have hair like his mother's as like his sister's. The hair of Orestes's mother is not like the lock in question. Why should it then be presumed that the hair of Orestes would be? There is but one possible answer to this question. "Because the peculiarity was derived solely through Orestes's father, and was a mark ineradicable, a trait not merely of family but of race."

What she discovers, Dr. Verrall goes on, is the resemblance to the Pelopid hair, derived from her great-grandfather, the Asiatic. "In comparison with the Achæans around them, Orestes and Electra were octoroons." Putting aside the evident extravagance of the last sentence, the view as a whole is, no doubt, supported by the fact that Electra is not yet convinced. The hair may be not her brother's, but that of her enemy and kinsman Ægiathus. It belongs to the one or the other, but to which "only the hair itself can say." The partial belief to which Electra is now inclining is completed when Orestes suddenly steps forward from his place of concealment. At first she is startled at finding that a stranger is in "the secret of the treasonable acts and specula-

tions in which she and the slaves have been engaged"; but Orestes cuts her protests short with the equally difficult and dramatic lines:—

αὐτὸν μὲν οὖν ὄρωσα δυσμαθεῖς ἐμὲ
κουρὰν δ' ἰδοῦσα τήνδε κηδεῖον τριχὸς
ἀνεπερώθης κἀδόκεις ὄραν ἐμὲ,
ἰσχυροσκοποῦσα τ' ἐν στίβοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς.
σαυτῆς ἀδελφοῦ, συμμέτρον τῷ σὲ κάρα,
σκεῖται τομῇ προσθεῖσα βόστρυχον τριχὺς.

Apart from the textual doubts and conjectures as to the above passage, it may fairly be claimed by Dr. Verrall that *σύμμετρος κάρα* is "an expression not properly applicable to anything but the proportions of the head." Give him an inch in argument and he will take an ell. The clinching proof, he continues, which Orestes himself could furnish would be found in the shape of his skull—"the universal race-mark, the broadest by which two persons whose physical types are sufficiently similar to deceive a casual eye will betray their difference of origin to a closer inspection." The three race-marks together, all pointing to the Asiatic strain, amount to evidence which, Dr. Verrall says, might almost be pleaded as a title in law:—

'It is not any scruple of reason, but only the shock of certitude, which keeps her dumb for a few seconds more, as her hand falls from the hair, and her eye surveys him from the head to the foot. And when, holding out a piece of faded linen, he says, "This is your own work. Look at the weaving. Look at the pattern," the flash of childish memory breaks her stupor, and she falls upon him with a scream.'

In this reconstruction of the dramatic scene it will be seen that Dr. Verrall gives to the piece of work only the subordinate position which he had previously assigned to it. It is but "a feather-weight in a sinking scale." It convinces because it acts upon a mind prepared to believe. We have no space to follow the contention—demonstration, rather—that the hasty misrepresentations of Euripides (to write a word of censure upon whom is, Dr. Verrall confesses, a matter of profound regret) were not followed by the best classical critics. The Scene of Recognition which has been so unfairly attacked and so timidly defended was selected for special praise by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, on the ground that the revelation is not brought about by any artificially introduced incident, but arises from the action itself, and from the natural development of the plot.

A good instance of Dr. Verrall's work as a commentator—since we cannot follow his notes in any detail—is found at pp. 268-274:—

οὗτοι προδῶσι Λοξίου μεγαθενὲς
χρησμός κελεύων τόνδε κίνδυνον περὰν,
κἀθορθιάων πολλὰ καὶ δυσχειμέρους
ἄτας ὑφ' ἧπαρ θερμὸν ἐξανδόμενος
εἰ μὴ μέτειμι τοῦ πατρὸς τοὺς αἰτίους,
τρώπον τὸν αὐτὸν ἀναποκτεῖναι λέγων
ἀποχρημάτῳσι ζημίαυ ταυροῖμενον.

In the forcible and scholarly Translation, appended to the commentary, the passage is rendered:—"There is that which will not fail us, the mighty heft of great Loxias, who bade me go through this peril, whose voice oft told in the morning hour of horrors, freeing the warmth from the heart, to come if I did not make quest for my father against the guilty, who bade me slay them, even as they slew, answering with a scowl the offer of all their wealth."

Dr. Verrall, it will be seen, rejects the suggested *ἐθορθιάων*, derived from the scholion *ἀναεραμίνος βοῶν*, which he dismisses as a mere guess. (Here we may remark that he is sometimes unduly contemptuous of the scholiasts, of whom he says that they are, as a rule, capable of almost any error; not only deficient in taste, but inferior to us even in knowledge, and absolutely unscrupulous in their dealings with the principles of language. It is true that the exasperating scholion on 74-79 deserves all the hard things that Dr. Verrall says of it. It has caused "the waste of as many days as there are words in it.") The word he retains in the text refers, he thinks, to the hour of truth, the time of waking, and was "probably technical in its mantic sense." He dismisses the current interpretation of the concluding line, "exasperated by my losses," as certainly wrong. No authority can be quoted for such a usage, and it would assign an impossible, or at least degrading, motive. "If Orestes had killed his mother because she had robbed him, he would surely have been a villain by the consent of all ages." The word, with its cognates, *ἀποταυροῦσθαι* and *ταυροῦδόν*, had become associated with the sidelong angry look of the bull, so that it had lost its primitive sense, and Æschylus, with his "habit of bold compression," could employ it without any explanatory *ἄμμα*, *δίγγμα*, or the like. Confident as Dr. Verrall is in a view which he has once adopted, he is not afraid of confessing himself unable

to settle some of the difficulties in a notoriously corrupt text. At 517, for instance, he declares that the true reading has not been found and "probably will not be." Nor does he disdain to state and do justice to alternative views.

At 621-630 Dr. Verrall makes no apology for offering, in one of his acute and interesting appendices, an entirely new interpretation of a passage which, "by general consent, requires it":—

ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπεμνησάμην ἀμειδίχων
πόνων, ἀκαίρως δέ—δυσφύλλες γαμή-
λευσι' ἀπέυχεται δόμοις·
γυναικοβούλους τε μήτιδας φρεσὶν
ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τευχισφόρῳ,
ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ, δῆρ' οἱς ἐπικότως ἔβας,
πῶν δ' ἀδέρμαντον ἱστίαν δόμων
γυναικίαν ἀπολμον αἰχμάν—
κακῶν δὲ προσβέβηται τὸ Δῆμιον
λόγῳ.

This is translated:—"But since the ungentle feats here cited fit not the present theme—it is from a fell wedlock that this house prays to be delivered, and it is a man, a man and a soldier, against whom thou pursuest a plot of woman's cunning, imitating thine adversary, but showing thus respect to that hearth without fire, his cowardly womanish temper—yet above all sins in story stands the sin of Lemnos, κ.τ.λ." Dr. Verrall, it will be seen, accepts the traditional text, only correcting the misspelling of 'πικρότως'. And he sees no difficulty and no obscurity except in ἀδέρμαντον ἱστίαν δόμων, which he regards as purely metaphorical. Warmth being a natural figure for courage, the opposite may, he thinks, easily stand for a spiritless temper. The long parenthesis which he detects is made to explain the ἀκαίρως δέ by marking the distinctive points in the present case—the adultery, the fact that the husband is victim, and that one principal object of vengeance was the paramour. Dr. Verrall rightly—so we think—holds it essential to make 624-628 apply to Ægisthus, not to Clytemnestra, who was emphatically ἀνδρόβουλος. Nor, he contends, can the γυναικία ἀπολμος αἰχμή be referred, according to the general view of the passage, to praise of a womanly character as opposed to that of Clytemnestra. The word ἀπολμος is plainly one of depreciation, not to mention the more doubtful case of the ἀδέρμαντον ἱστία. But the question arises why should Ægisthus be introduced into an ode about the crimes of women? Dr. Verrall replies that "for the justification of Orestes, whose acts cannot spare any available plea, it is requisite that Ægisthus should be kept prominently in view." The best excuse is the provocation, and that is why Æschylus introduces it here, though, as Dr. Verrall admits, in a somewhat forced manner. On the δῆρ' οἱς ἐπικότως and the use of πῶν Dr. Verrall points out that to meet a man with his own weapons, to defeat a traitor by treachery, was, so the irony runs, to pay a compliment to the enemy's genius. The standard of fair play was not high in Greece, but to practise upon hospitality was a shock to the moral sense. Sophocles excuses it by insisting on the Divine command, and Euripides—not [feeling any reverence for the old legends—simply "leaves it to be understood that Orestes was unscrupulous."

We have gone through Dr. Verrall's views on this passage at some length because they illustrate what is the special and dominating quality of an edition which, by the mere commonplace merits of erudition, subtlety, and lucidity would have earned an honourable place in Æschylean scholarship. But what distinguishes Dr. Verrall is the dramatic insight and sympathy—the power of putting himself into the mental and moral position of those for whom the play was written—that helps him to throw light on many dark places, and gives a totality to work that, when done by less animated scholars, leaves a general impression of disjointedness. This gift of intuition and a free reliance on it sometimes, we think, twists Dr. Verrall's view of particular passages. You must keep a sharp look-out when he is your guide, or you will find yourself dragged over some very rough ground. But you know that on the whole you are being led in the right direction.

LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN.*

THE once famous *Letters of a Portuguese Nun* cannot be said to have any entrancing interest to the average English reader, or even to the student of languages and literatures other than our own. They have passed into the category of "museum literature," or literary curios, and are remarkable rather for the admiration they once excited among our fathers than for any intrinsic value of their own. As things in their kind they must not be rated too highly, and as mere specimens

* *Letters of a Portuguese Nun*. Edited and Translated by Edgar Prestage. London: Nutt. 1893.

of morbid self-analysis, in these days of Bashkirtseff, there are many young ladies in schools or convents who could go one better (to borrow a phrase from the card-table), and leave "Eloise, the learned nun," far behind in the passion line. Our hesitancy in accepting them as masterpieces is due to the fact that the Letters have only reached us in a French translation—admitted by both French and Portuguese critics to be very bald; for we should be the last to suggest that young ladies of the present day have more passion than Marianna or more learning than Eloise, mauger University Extension lectures.

A new edition of the Letters was, however, a happy thought, if it was only to prove how able and scholarly a translator we have in Mr. Edgar Prestage. In a singularly modest preface he says:—"If my translation should cause any interest in things Portuguese, and lead others to read and make versions of such masterpieces as the *Frei Luiz de Sousa* and the *Folhas Cahidas* of Garrett, or the poems of João de Deus, I should be more than rewarded for any trouble the present work may have cost me." It is a pity that so scholarly an editor does not himself give us a rendering of the works he admires so much, for the uninitiated are never to be convinced that Portuguese literature is worthy of study if Marianna's Letters are the best samples of the seventeenth century afforded them in an English form.

The bibliography of the Letters is no less diverting than the history of their author, which is told in an excellent introduction by Mr. Prestage, which we venture to say is more diverting than the Letters themselves. In 1669 the *editio princeps* was published by Claude Barbin; their authorship was successfully concealed, and it was not until 1810 that Boissonade discovered the name of Marianna written in a copy of this edition by a contemporary hand. Senhor Cordeiro, and other experts before him, have followed up this clue, and proved to their own satisfaction that this was Marianna Alcoforado, who died in the Royal Convent of Our Lady of the Conception at Beja in the year 1723, at the age of eighty-seven years. Mr. Prestage only refers us to Senhor Cordeiro, and, not being acquainted with his researches or his method of deduction, we do not profess to criticize his conclusions. Since Mr. Prestage is convinced that the identity of Marianna, the author of the Letters, and Marianna Alcoforado is established, we are aware that it is almost impertinent to suggest a flaw in the chain of evidence. But the antecedent improbability of the theory is so great as to outweigh any evidence that has been adduced in its favour, and nothing short of the production of the original autograph MSS. would dispel this impression. The story, however, is vastly pretty, and only a pedant would attempt to destroy it, though among the countrymen of Master Chatterton, Samuel Ireland, and others, a vein of scepticism should be pardoned.

Around the Portuguese Letters a new literature sprang into existence. The enterprising publisher Barbin issued a second batch of letters. Replies and new replies were soon forthcoming. Demand in this case certainly created a supply. The first batch of replies, according to the hypothesis of Cordeiro, was fabricated by the family of Chamilly, Marianna's faithless lover, to mitigate the sympathy felt for the deserted nun. "Portugaise" became as tiresome a catchword as *fin de siècle*, *chic*, and *psyché*. Mme. de Sévigné, speaking of a letter from Brancas, says:—"If I replied to him in the same strain, *ce seroit une Portugaise*." Indeed, Parisian literary society resembled for a while the farmyard in Hans Andersen's story, where the Portuguese duck became such a bore to her fellow-birds.

Mr. Prestage has included a reprint of the first French edition along with his own translation, the archaic aroma of which harmonizes well with the language of that distemper Marianna suffered from. In an appendix is printed a rendering into verse of the five letters, *From a Nun to a Cavalier*, found in a rare anonymous little volume, dated 1713. The original, believed to be unique, is in the possession of Mr. York Powell. It would be interesting to learn if Pope had ever seen this work, as it may well have suggested to him his well-known *Eloisa to Abelard*, which did not appear, if we remember rightly, till 1717.

BRITISH EGGS.

THE ever-active Mr. Dixon has added a practical handbook of British oology to the long list of his writings, but he has not persuaded his publishers to add to it what is absolutely indispensable from a book about eggs—a series of illustrations. What taste is there in the white of an egg, and what profit in a pictureless book about eggs? What is the use of saying "the

* *The Nests and Eggs of British Birds*. By Charles Dixon. London: Chapman & Hall.

eggs of this warbler require the most careful identification," if no clue is given to the eye? It is all very well to state that "the eggs of the Dipper are best distinguished from those of the Kingfisher and the Great Spotted Woodpecker by the want of gloss." We turn to p. 182, and we read, "The pure and glossy white colour, combined with the rotund form, readily distinguish the eggs of the Kingfisher from those of any other species breeding in our islands"; and to p. 171, and read, "The eggs of the Great Spotted Woodpecker are best distinguished by their size [but what is their size?] and creamy tinge." We hope the youthful oologist will go forth in the strength of these lucid differentiations, and identify the eggs of the Dipper, the Kingfisher, and the Great Spotted Woodpecker at a glance. But, for ourselves, we should prefer accurate, life-sized, coloured pictures.

Oology is a science, we must confess, with which we have the very smallest sympathy. The killing of adult creatures which are rare is a barbarism to which the conscience of the country is gradually waking up, and which will probably be put a stop to a year or two after the extinction of everything charming and curious in the English fauna. But this slaughter of the mature is as child's play to the destruction of the potentialities of life involved in the robbing of nests—a practice which is already recognized, within certain limits, as a crime by the laws of Holland. The collecting of eggs, if carried out with decency, and if only one specimen is taken very quietly from the nest, may do little harm; but we are strongly opposed to the encouragement of children to "collect" objects of this nature. A large school brought up on the latest principles, with the collecting mania well nourished by injudicious semi-scientific tutors, will make a wilderness for ten miles round it in a single term. There is no educational element in this reckless and greedy destruction. Little is to be learned from the very slight and unobtrusive differences in the markings of eggs, and what there is may be left to professional men of science.

This book of Mr. Dixon's does not seem likely to be of much practical use to oologists, and we are very glad of it, for we do not look upon them as cattle that ought to be encouraged. We are sorry to miss from Mr. Dixon's preface any word of warning with regard to the abuses to which egg-collecting may lead.

LAW-BOOKS.*

THE subject of Service out of the Jurisdiction is so complicated that it may well be doubted whether it would be possible to write what a student would find to be an "easy" treatise thereupon. Possible or not, that end has not been achieved by Mr. F. T. Piggott, whose book so entitled is learned, careful, elaborate—and difficult. The reasons of the difficulty are not far to seek. The English Courts administer justice in England. The beginning of litigation may be generally described as the issue and service of a writ. A writ is a documentary

* *Service out of the Jurisdiction.* By Francis Taylor Piggott, M.A., LL.M., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons.

A Manual of the Law specially affecting Catholics. By Walter Samuel Lilly, LL.M., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and John E. P. Wallis, M.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1893.

The Law of Marriage and Family Relations. A Manual of Practical Law. By Nevill Geary, M.A., of the Inner and Middle Temples, Barrister-at-Law, Author of the "Law of Theatres and Music-Halls." London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

Marriages Regular and Irregular; with Leading Cases. By an Advocate. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co. 1893.

The Law of Evidence. By Sidney L. Phipson, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Leeward Islands Magistrates' Acts. By Charles George Walpole, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Attorney-General of the Leeward Islands, Author of "A Rubric of the Common Law" &c. London: William Clowes & Sons.

The Business Man's County Court Guide. By Charles Jones, Author of "The Solicitor's Clerk" &c. London: Effingham Wilson & Co. 1893.

The Law of Copyright in Works of Literature and Art. By Walter Arthur Copinger, F.S.A., of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Index to Precedents in Conveyancing" &c. Third edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1893.

The Principles of Equity. By Edmund H. T. Snell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Tenth edition. By Archibald Brown, M.A., B.C.L., of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

Dixon's Law of the Farm. Fifth edition. By Aubrey John Spencer, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Spencer's Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883." London: Stevens & Sons.

Patent Law and Practice; including the Registration of Designs and Trade-Marks. By A. V. Newton. Third edition. London: Horace Cox. 1893.

The Pocket Law-Lexicon. Third edition. Revised by Henry G. Rawson, B.A., and James F. Remnant, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1893.

Every Man's Own Lawyer. By a Barrister. Thirtieth edition, carefully revised. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1893.

command issued by the sovereign ordering the defendant to come to the Court and answer the complaint made against him, which command is accompanied by an intimation of more or less unpleasant consequences which will ensue if it is not obeyed. The communication of this command to the defendant—technically called the service of the writ—is an act of sovereign authority, and therefore cannot, *prima facie*, be done except in places where the Queen is sovereign. But it is practically necessary that to some extent it should be done in places where the Queen is not sovereign, and where, as a general rule, some one else is sovereign. Therefore the questions are at once raised—What power has the Queen, and what power is she prepared to exercise, of commanding (1) her subjects, and (2) persons not subject to her, who happen to be outside the local limits of her ordinary jurisdiction, to come to her Courts of Law and answer complaints made against them? It is apparent that these questions go far into the dubious and rather chaotic regions of international law, and the consequence is that it requires a good deal of hard thinking to say anything about them that is satisfactory and definite. Moreover, the whole question of sovereign power is raised. Suppose it was enacted by Act of Parliament, in plain and unmistakable language, that certain conduct of foreigners in foreign countries should be unlawful and should be visited with legal consequences. Would the English Courts, so far as it might be practically possible to carry out the enactment, carry it out, or would they refuse to do so on the ground that what the statute purported to enact was *ultra vires* of the Queen acting "by and with the consent and advice" of both Houses of Parliament? That is a question to which it is impossible to give an entirely satisfactory answer; but it ought to be answered in order to establish service out of the jurisdiction upon an absolutely firm and indisputable footing. Considered as a philosophical writer, Mr. Piggott has not the gift of exceptionally lucid and complete exposition which sometimes makes literature—and good literature too—out of law-books; but practitioners will probably find that his book is a convenient repository of the by no means especially uniform or coherent decisions affecting the different branches of his subject. It will not compose the innumerable differences that arise upon these points, but it may usefully stimulate their continued agitation.

With the collaboration of Mr. J. E. P. Wallis, Mr. W. S. Lilly comes before the public in the new capacity of barrister and author of a law-book. The object of the two gentlemen has been to provide Roman Catholics with "a Manual of the law specially affecting" their religion and their religious interests. The eight chapters which the book contains deal respectively with "The Penal Laws," "Existing Disabilities," "Worship," "Parents and Guardians," "Paupers and Criminals," "Schools," and "Trusts and Bequests," and there is a large collection of appendices. The authors argue somewhat earnestly that, as Lord Coleridge is reported to have advised the House of Commons in 1872, there is now nothing to prevent Roman Catholics from holding the office of Lord Chancellor or Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and they deplore the fact that this question was not discussed in the debate upon the "Russell Relief Bill," two years ago. Assuming the whole of their contention to be absolutely correct, it is highly improbable that any Minister would be so imprudent as to appoint a Roman Catholic to either office, as in such an event the best that the supporters of the innovation could hope for would be a first-class State Trial terminating in the House of Lords, which might result either way, and would give rise to intolerable inconvenience *pendente lite*. The volume generally appears to be reasonably full and careful, and may very likely be useful.

Mr. Geary's *Law of Marriage and Family Relations* is, perhaps, not particularly happily entitled. It does not deal to any considerable extent with the law of property or of guardianship, but is a handbook to the law of divorce, nullity, and so forth. The author has already shown, in his *Law of Theatres and Music-Halls*, that he is a careful, correct, and trustworthy writer, and his present work is at least as meritorious as anything he has previously done. The sub-title, "Manual of Practical Law," appears to refer to a "series," of which the preface announces the book to be part. It is more of a book than you generally find in a series. Mr. Geary makes some half-dozen suggestions of desirable alterations in the law, most of which ought to be made, and which might all be profitably considered, if our Legislature was at all an effective machine except by accident. The scope of the work includes alimony, the restitution of conjugal rights, the marriage-laws of Scotland, and a particularly full consideration of the Roman Catholic canon-law on the subject—upon which topic, by the way, Messrs. Lilly and Wallis, in the work noticed above, have had the advantage of Mr. Geary's assistance. The decision in

the Jackson case is recorded without comment, and we cannot but think that here Mr. Geary missed an opportunity. The work is said to be intended for laymen as well as practitioners, but the intention produces little visible effect, except the deplorable one of relegating references to the bottom of the page. We are glad to observe that the contrary practice of putting them in the text, long advocated in these columns, has now become decidedly the rule. On the other hand, Mr. Geary observes another excellent device—that, namely, of appending the date of decision to every case cited. His book is a good one, and also interesting.

The anonymous Scottish lawyer who publishes *Marriages, Regular and Irregular*, has also made his book remarkably interesting. It is not a text-book at all, having no references and being "not intended for the practitioner." At the same time, it is rather technical for the general public, and fairly comes under the heading of "law-books." It contains rather elaborate accounts of several famous matrimonial causes, in particular the Yelverton and Breadalbane cases. Persons to whom "Mrs. Yelverton" is a mere *nominis umbra* will be able by reading the correspondence between her and Captain Yelverton, as set out by the author, to understand to some extent why she was once such a popular person. Where the author explains principles of law (without references) he is a little "bald and unconvincing," but when he relates the course of particular litigations he is quite as good as the best contemporaneous reports.

The want of a book on Evidence "which should take a middle place between the admirable, but extremely condensed, Digest of Sir James Stephen, and that great repository of evidentiary law, Taylor on Evidence," was perhaps one that not many persons "felt" overmuch; but, such as it was, Mr. Phipson determined to supply it, and he has done so very reasonably well, for the benefit of "practitioners and students." The characteristic feature of the work, which practically consists of Stephen's Digest a little expanded, is the arrangement of "illustrations" in parallel columns, the Ay and No decisions, so to speak, being brought together something after the fashion of the "pillory," in which a contemporary more or less regularly demonstrates the substantial uniformity and sound discrimination of the "great unpaid," under the impression that the contrary is being made manifest. The text is substantially good, the typographical distinctions are well managed, and the index appears on a cursory examination to leave something to wish for. On the whole, Mr. Phipson has creditably achieved the object he set before himself as already related.

Mr. C. G. Walpole publishes a careful and apparently complete edition of a set of Consolidation Acts passed for (and, we suppose, in) the Leeward Islands in 1891. Among other things in a note to a Coroners' Act there is a rather good "Analysis of the Law as to Homicide." There is also an extremely full Appendix of Acts, Forms, and the like. Of course the book is intended only for local use; but unless lawyers in the Leeward Islands are exceptionally well supplied with professional literature, we should think that this work would be an absolutely essential part of their equipment.

Mr. Charles Jones's little book about County Courts and their proceedings appears to be praiseworthy and industrious; but it does not override the rule—to which there is no exception—that cheap law and easy law are bad law. It is written for laymen, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred laymen had much better take advice. It has pleased the people of this country to institute a system of good, and therefore expensive, law, and, unless you can persuade your opponent to ignore its existence, it does not pay in the long run to ignore it yourself. Still, it is a good thing that there should be untechnical, and therefore untrustworthy, law-books for laymen who want to try their own hands at litigation. They have every right to rely upon them, and if they like to spend their money in that way, who shall say them nay? Not we, because this is a free country; and not the legal profession, because ultimately it brings grist to their mill.

Among the large class of alliteratively entitled law-books Copinger on *Copyright* has long held an honourable place. The third edition comes twelve years after the second, and, therefore, the author has had to incorporate the results of—among other things—the Berne Convention and the American Copyright Act. There is no reason to suppose that he has done so with less than his usual skill and care, and his volume probably continues to be the standard work on the subject.

The proprietors of *Snell's Equity* and a few other works of equal celebrity are probably about the only persons who fail to regard with equanimity the recent slight tokens of diminution in the number of persons called, or aspiring to be called, to the Bar. The book seems by the frequency of its avatars to hold its position as the mainstay of students. The present edition, like its six predecessors, is the work of Mr. Archibald Brown.

Dixon's Law of the Farm was originally published in 1858, and though it is hardly a universally known book, it is a rather

useful one. The present edition, by Mr. A. J. Spencer, is the fifth, and answers reasonably well to the author's original account of it as "an attempt to draw together . . . the principal legal decisions which bear upon the every-day incidents of a farmer's life." In one way and another there has been a great deal of statutory meddling with farmers' lives during the last few years, and though the work contains nothing which is not to be found in several other places, it is likely to be useful, and seems to have had great pains bestowed upon it.

Mr. A. V. Newton describes the third edition of his *Patent Law and Practice* as largely new, because it is based on ten years' observation of the working of the Act of 1883. It is still a slight and short work, smacking rather of the amateur—or, at any rate, of the layman—but further than this there is no specific fault to be found with it, except the sufficiently startling circumstance that it has no index.

We have received the third edition of the *Pocket Law Lexicon*, and the thirtieth of *Every Man's Own Lawyer*. If any one is simple enough to wonder at the popularity of these volumes, let him consider the pills which he sees advertised "in the steamship, by the railway, on the boards that shock mankind." Recklessly used they (the pills) may occasionally do harm, but people enjoy taking them nevertheless. So with these dictionaries.

WOMAN'S MISSION.*

THESE papers were written for the Chicago Congress at the request of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and have been arranged and edited by herself. In the letter which she addresses to H.R.H. Princess Christian, Lady Burdett-Coutts says that "the Report of Philanthropic Work, promoted or originated by Englishwomen, which it was the desire of your Royal Highness that I should prepare, is now completed." No one looking at the substantial, well-printed, and excellently arranged volume now before us can doubt for an instant that the work has been done in a manner which will make it attractive to the public, and useful, long after the public have ceased to think of Chicago, as a trustworthy reference book of the charitable and self-supporting works carried on in Great Britain. Lady Burdett-Coutts shows once again in this volume her rare business capacities and her thorough grasp of the whole subject. She has wisely arranged that most of the raw material should be put into the best literary form, and she has been fortunate in the writers who have contributed papers. She has allowed individual genius to tell its own story, and in doing this she has saved her "Report" from the usual dryness of such works, and yet has in no way left out all that it is essential to find in the reports of individual societies and institutions.

In the opening sentence of her preface Lady Burdett-Coutts is remarkably charitable in her recognition of the Chicago Exhibition. She believes "that since the first Exhibition in 1851 there has been none which will take a more significant and unique place in the history of the material and social progress of the world" than this one held in 1893 at Chicago. Undoubtedly it is a unique advertisement of a uniquely disagreeable and shoddy town. We have lately heard that an enterprising American offered to buy the Giant's Causeway and "transport" it to show at Chicago. We find no difficulty in believing it; were the New Jerusalem visible the American would bid for it, unless he, perchance, thought it were not as good as his own "institutions." We can almost forgive him even his abnormal vulgarities for the sake of this volume, and Chicago will not have exhibited itself in vain if it leaves no other record of its world-wide self-advertisement than this unpretending record. Most of the early promoters of these Societies are at rest, though their names must for ever be enshrined in the story of their living works. Following on Lady Burdett-Coutts's most excellent preface, in which she unfolds the scheme of her work, comes a poem worthy of the name it bears, that of Mrs. Alexander. Thirty-three short essays follow, written by well-known writers, who have authority to speak on their several subjects. It is impossible here to do more than glance at a few of them; they all well repay careful study. No woman reading them, who has leisure on her hands, can feel that she does well to sit with them folded. The work detailed here embraces such a wide field of interest, has employment for such varied talents, that the difficulty is to choose which has the greatest claim or which is the most important sphere. For instance, as showing the development of industry, and the giving of a helping hand to those who are crushed against the wall in the struggle for existence, we would draw attention to the essays on "The Royal School of Art Needlework," by Princess Christian,

* *Woman's Mission.* A series of Congress Papers on the Philanthropic Work of Women. Edited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

and "On Philanthropic Work of Women in Ireland," by Mrs. Gilbert. In a class by itself is Lady Burdett Coutts's most delightful history of "Miss Ormerod's Work in Agricultural Entomology."

These papers would have been felt to be incomplete were there not two among them signed by names which, wherever the English-speaking race is to be found, will be mentioned as types of true womanliness, examples of courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice—"The Lady with the Lamp," Florence Nightingale, and Miss Marsh. The writing of both is of Crimean experiences, and the names of both are associated with those days. "Sick Nursing and Health Nursing" are the natural themes on which Miss Nightingale dwells, and we could wish her paper read by every woman; for sooner or later in every woman's life these questions become practical ones, and in these pages she will find every necessary information. Miss Nightingale closes with these words:—"We are only on the threshold of nursing. In the future, which I shall not see, for I am old, may a better way be opened!" It is not given to all to see of the labour of their hands and to be satisfied, and yet, if nursing is still in Miss Nightingale's opinion only on "the threshold," we can realize what must have been the darkness in which the whole subject was wrapt when she with "her lamp" led the way with womanly skill and guided herself and her disciples by the rays of scientific knowledge. Like all true followers of the ideal, she may feel we are but on the threshold; but the generation living to-day—for one generation has almost passed away since she began her work—may count among their blessings the works that Florence Nightingale began, continued, and saw spread through the whole land. One of the most interesting things in the papers contributed by Miss Nightingale and Miss Marsh is the sense they give of the power of the individual. In these days good deeds and organization wait upon each other. No sooner is an idea started than the machinery appears, and the thought for others takes effect along the usual well-beaten road, whereon presidents and vice-presidents, committees, appeals, and funds, and public meetings, walk daily. If there is a fault, it is that charitable efforts are too easily floated, provided they are understood to be charitable. It is almost too easy to get public sympathy, and too little attention is given to the question whether the ground has not already been worked, or might more profitably be worked, by existing societies. But in the early half of the century the machinery was not there, and too often the sympathy and interest were wholly wanting, or difficult to rouse. The individuals either toiled alone, laying their lives as the "stepping-stone" on which others rose "to higher things," or gathered round them a little band of believers who worked by instinct, and not by rule. Perhaps we have lost the freshness and individuality of the work done, though we have probably gained other things by co-operation and organization. However that may be, we must work in the spirit of the day, and we believe, had it existed, the earlier pioneers would have thankfully availed themselves of all machinery. Under this head we must mention the articles which deal with the organization of the philanthropic work of women. "Women's Work in Connexion with the Church of England," by Mrs. Boyd Carpenter; "On the Associated Work of Women in Religion and Philanthropy," by Miss Emily Janes; and "Statistics of Women's Work," by Miss Hubbard, come under this classification.

Following these essays is an appendix, with notes on reports of other philanthropic Societies. Those who are full of care for their own particular "plot of ground" will feel that it and its aims have been treated with the fullest knowledge and consideration.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

IN this tumultuous and tragic ending of the century . . . Attilio Valda [who lends the nickname bestowed on him by a lady who loved him neither wisely nor well to these pages] . . . may stand as a type of contemporary human weariness, a sad document of our infinite spiritual misery." Here is rue for you! and symbolism, presently to be combined, in a manner undreamt of in the philosophy of its originators, with a method of analysis inspired by MM. de Goncourt and a crudity of detail that leaves nothing to be envied by the most persistent of would-be Academicians. *Con rispetto parlando*, Attilio Valda, the invertebrate "automaton" (1), may stand for no such thing. He is not typical, but exceptional, and of too poor a fibre to feel the bite of spiritual misery, of too material an egoism to be at all inconvenienced by the Pain of the Universe. Pain he feels as

keenly as his betters when it is as personal as toothache, the throb of wounded or gratified vanity is the pulse of his *Weltschmerz*, and we fail to find the pathos, for which we are so elaborately prepared by the author's dedicatory preface, in the contrast between the poverty of his impressions and the keenness of his desires. He is a poor creature, too ably presented to be denied a place in literature; an unsatisfactory central figure in an unsatisfactory, yet able, book. The people from whom he springs, by whom he is educated, to whom he is attracted, with whom he wastes his life, convey a sense of reality that is more poignant than pleasant; yet there is something unreal in a whole made up entirely of such units. There are mothers less futile than Adele Valda, wives more honest than the vividly-drawn, semi-virtuous Anna Pieri, for whom the hero (God save the mark!) sighed, without loving, because she was "a married woman, beautiful, rich, noble! . . . A Countess!" maidens less commonplace and more fortunate than Ada Resti, whom he jilted for Countess Pieri's sake, although this leader of Modenese society sang flat, talked when she might have listened to good music, and was sufficiently deficient in humour to assure him that "after Antonio [Count Pieri] he was the only man in the world for her." There are men in the world of greater depth and width of mind than the Modenese mashers, with whom he preferred to compete rather than cultivate the vague, diffuse talent which was later to place him for a moment in the front rank of Italian painters; there are syrens, but they are either less repulsive or less fatal than the Princess Casaura; artists of habits less disgusting than the ill-fated Stefano Mauri, and fathers less effete than Dr. Giacomo Valda, merchant and LL.D., although, more's the pity, Signor Enrico Butti does not appear to have met with them. His style is both jerky and cumbrous, and furthermore burdened by the vagaries of a strange orthography.

If style were the only essential quality in fiction, Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Innocente* (2) would be a masterpiece. This cold-blooded narrative of the murder of an "Innocent" is chiselled as finely—with a more apparent polish, savouring more strongly of artifice—as one of Flaubert's. The thirty chapters which precede the murder, treating of the ante-natal misfortunes of the "Innocent," being two-thirds of the confession of Tullio Hermil, contain descriptive passages which for colour and music will bear comparison with Gautier, and are, perhaps, nearer poetry than the *Little Prose Poems* of Baudelaire; so magically do they evoke the odours of spring in Italy, the sapphire of her skies, the aching sweetness of the song of her nightingales, the sighing of soft perfumed wind in lilac-branches, the savour of the sun-kissed soil, or her autumnal glories with the delicious freshness of starry nights, the radiance of a southern moon, and "the choral chant of crickets, like the sound of a hoarse flute, half lost in an indefinite distance." If Giuliana Hermil, the Eve of this Paradise, listened to the serpent, it was but for a moment, in a period of unutterable loneliness, while a nineteenth-century Adam, too "intellectual" for fidelity, too enlightened to deny himself anything for which he hankered, went after strange gods. "I was convinced," he tells us, in the beginning of his self-satisfied confession, "that mine was a rare spirit, even among the elect; and I believed that the rarity of my sensations and of my sentiments ennobled, distinguished any of my acts." We will not attempt to reproduce the *tour de force* by which Signor d'Annunzio has made the recital of these acts endurable. Even his great, perverted talent fails to convince us that Giuliana could so far forgive them as to be only conscious of remorse for a reprisal courted by her husband, but of which she would have been incapable. The Giuliana of the first forty pages is one of those rare women who love once and for ever; too deeply wounded for anger, too high-souled for pique, too proud, too pure, and too fastidious to have lent herself for a moment to the dilettante curiosity of a Filippo Arborio, who is but the meaner, weaker double of Tullio Hermil, both being, like the Dorsenne of M. Bourget, finikin, self-conscious offshoots of the all-invading pessimistic weed. The Giuliana of the rest of the book is a glaring example of the author's special weakness. He has never chosen to see aught but the external aspect of woman, and now that he would reveal the workings of her heart and mind, behold she has spread the white wings of her soul, and the fair body she has left behind is but galvanized into a semblance of life. Into it has entered a spirit upon whose antics may the doors of M. Charcot mercifully close.

The *Illusion* (3) of Signor de Roberto's Teresa is the accurate and logical analysis of a life of disillusion, beginning with the childhood of the heroine, and following her hopes and disappoint-

(1) *L'Automa*. Romanzo di E. A. Butti. Milano: Galli, Editori, Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

(2) *L'Innocente*. Gabriele d'Annunzio. Napoli: F. Bideri, Editore, Via Costantinopoli.

(3) *L'Illusione*, romanzo. F. de Roberto. Milano: Libreria editrice Galli.

ments until her fortieth year, when, left of all she held worth living for, the ex-beauty realizes, in the death of a faithful servant, that with this humble friend she has lost the only real affection she ever inspired. Her pampered yet unhappy childhood, overshadowed by domestic dissension, saddened by the wrongs and suffering of a doting mother, her early bereavement and bitter sense of it, her precocious insight into the unspoken tragedies of life, and keen instinctive yearning for all its vanities, are a fitting proem to this curious study. The most pathetic figure of these pathetic opening chapters is the sickly little sister Laura, who came into the world with a heritage of suffering, "because her mother had begun to be unhappy before she was born," and died, leaving the passionate Teresa in an agony of remorse that she had not loved her more and tyrannized her less. Teresa's heart-broken departure from the quiet villa, where hitherto life had seemed too narrow for her deserts, is the beginning of a new life in Palermo, of an adolescence as precocious as her childhood, of a brilliant and superficial education, culminating in girlish triumphs, and a marriage that satisfied her own and her people's vanity. The glow, the movement, the provincialism—tinged with a sort of barbaric luxury—of Palermitan life, its attractions and distractions, are as admirably rendered as the girl's individual life, and that of the people who make or mar it, the friends and the "first" loves—of whom several are nipped in the bud—that flit through it, the alternate throbs of wounded or gratified vanity that determined her marriage. It is this same vanity that makes Teresa resent Duffredi's shortcomings as a lover, and yet accept him in the face of them, deciding in her own mind that "he was made according to her desires; he was not very learned, except in social matters, which he knew at his fingers' ends; he was versed in the genealogies of all the great families of Europe, was intimate with foreign diplomatists and officers; knew the histories of all the winners of the Derby and the Grand Prix"; was rich, good-looking, and, above all, "fashionable" according to Palermitan lights. Wherefore, at eighteen Teresa, thanks to these considerations, and to her own warmth of heart and temperament, was prepared to love and honour the husband who gratified so many of her aspirations. She was proportionately unprepared for the brutality and contempt that lay behind the thin coat of varnish she had mistaken for polish, and her gradual descent in search of the ideal, wherewith to fill the void in her life, is as consistent as it is painful. It is, however, from the moment of Teresa's fine outburst of indignation when she discovers the depth of her husband's depravity, monotonous and wearisome to follow the sentimental misfortunes of an injured wife in her too persistent search for consolation, especially as the chosen remedy often appears to us worse than the evil. And Teresa is too catholic, not to say cosmopolitan, in her researches.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is only too easy to imagine the fashion in which the cheerful subject which M. Lenôtre (1) has selected for himself would be treated by the usual bookmaker. A fourth or fifth hand collection of anecdotes, hackneyed through the century, would be the best, and a catchpenny chamber of horrors the worst, that could be hoped on the occasion. M. Lenôtre has not conceived his scheme in either of these manners. It is somewhat wider than his title indicates, and it is done in the best documentary manner, that in which documents are handled with intelligence. It considerably anticipates the guillotine, and gives a very curious account of the executioners of the *ancien régime*, a class far more numerous than most people have any notion of, though in the majority of cases they had probably never put hand to rope, or wheel, or bar. As a rule, they combined the more commonplace profession of knacker with that of finisher of the law; and their functions carrying with them, as they did, certain feudal rights of toll, were anything but ill paid. These rights, however, were interfered with years before the Revolution, and an edict of reform in 1775 is said to have cost "M. de Paris" alone 60,000 livres a year. When the Revolution succeeded, it, for obvious reasons, was not indisposed to enlist the services of these useful functionaries; nor were they loth; nor was there any fear of their being disgusted, like Mr. Dennis a little earlier, by neglect to provide proper employment for them. At the same time, the right men were not always in the right place, and a decree for transferring them met with grave difficulties. Accordingly, the Republic had to put up, in some cases, with amateur *Vengeurs du peuple*, as the agreeable title went. M. Lenôtre gives particulars of several of

these worthies, especially of Dominico Vachale, a Genoese who distinguished himself much in the South, and of the Alsatian Hentz (Frenchified "Ance"), who made himself a reputation for combined devilry and dandyism at Brest. This was the person who amused himself by letting the knife fall with purposely insufficient force several times upon one victim. Yet for one thing that he did he shall have, not indeed grace, but thanks. He could not spell, and in a document now extant, wishing to speak of the Republic by the usual title of indivisible, he called it "indincible." He was right.

The greatest space allotted to any one family is, of course, given to the famous Sansons; but M. Lenôtre has "a vast" of miscellaneous information for us. He opens his book with a citation from Mercier, which, unless it is one of the numerous cases of a great and a small mind jumping together, beyond all doubt supplied the germ or at least the suggestion of Joseph de Maistre's famous and magnificent passage on the executioner. On the whole, M. Lenôtre may be congratulated on having treated a very difficult subject very well.

M. Ernest Tissot (2) prefaces his studies of the twin northern stars, Ibsen and Björnson, with a declaration that he is not "un Ibseniste convaincu," but only a passer-by who takes the interest and curiosity of the Norwegian story and drama as he finds it. This is, no doubt, the right attitude, or a considerable approach to it. But we do not find in M. Tissot quite the amount of critical detachment which he affects, and no doubt seriously aims at. For instance, he thinks that Dr. Ibsen has "completely conceived the civilization and the man of these years," that his figures are "feverishly alive with our unnerved and dolorous life." *Chansons que tout cela, cher M. Tissot!* Life and men, on the whole, are just what they always were. It only happens that at the present moment a rather larger and very much more voiceful, though still very small, proportion of living men have taken to a kind of existence derived from books, and then reflected back on more books, which is not real at all. It is this which Dr. Ibsen has caught, has helped to propagate and intensify, and to do him justice has more than once satirized and caricatured with a savage sense which only wants a little more grandeur to be almost Swiftian. However, we can hardly expect M. Tissot to see this, though we are very much inclined to believe that he may see it some day.

M. Léo Claretie's *Feuilles de route en Tunisie* (3) are well, though a little floridly, written, and show a good faculty of "taking notes." It is unfortunate that Tunis, ever since the French laid hands on it, has been written about and re-written about by folk of all European nations till Goletta, and the Bardo, and the Jewesses, and Kairwan, and all the rest of it are hundred-times-told tales.

We can give but brief notice to three books on, or connected with, music. M. Maurel's *Un problème d'art* (4), which might be otherwise entitled "How to Get the Most out of the Human Voice"; a volume of notes on her recent musical experience—enthusiastic and warm-hearted, like all she writes—by Mme. Edgar Quinet (5); and a singular rhapsody about Ludwig of Bavaria and Wagner (6), partly founded on the latter's recently published letters to Frau Wille, partly, we should think, "out of the author's head." It concludes with a new version of the unlucky King's death, which is sufficiently obvious and sufficiently transparent.

M. Paul Margueritte has "made his proofs" as a person who has no prudery about him. He can therefore afford even in France to write a book which, like *Ma grande* (7), is purely "honest." It deals with nothing but the jealousy of a sister when her younger brother marries; but it is admirably done, and alive throughout.

A quoi bon? (8) is a sad little story, told in a simple, convincing fashion. The heroine takes a too poetical view of life, and at the first suspicion of her lover kills herself with a poisoned ring which he has given her. The writing is good throughout, and the description of the Pyramids by night exceptionally so. It is never morbid or offensive, and the selfishness of Latrec's character is very cleverly portrayed.

We have also before us the eighth year of M. Paul Giniesty's useful and interesting *Année littéraire* (Charpentier-Fasquelle), with what is called a "preface" (really a slight autobiographic

- (2) *Le drame norvégien*. Par Ernest Tissot. Paris: Perrin.
- (3) *Feuilles de route en Tunisie*. Par Léo Claretie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (4) *Un problème d'art*. Par Victor Maurel. Paris: Tresse et Stock.
- (5) *Ce que dit la musique*. Par Mme. Edgar Quinet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (6) *Louis II et Richard Wagner*. Par Edmond Fazy. Paris: Perrin.
- (7) *Ma grande*. Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Kolb.
- (8) *A quoi bon?* Par la Comtesse Fleury, née Deslandes. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

(1) *La guillotine pendant la Révolution*. Par G. Lenôtre. Paris: Perrin.

fragment) by Dr. Ibsen; *En suivant M. Carnot* (Plon), a book half-serious, half-funny, very well illustrated, and showing what an odd hold in various ways these Presidential tours have taken in France; and the fourth edition of one of the best books of its kind ever published, M. Gaston Paris's selections from the *Chanson de Roland* (Hachette).

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his new book on Home Rule, *A Leap in the Dark: or, Our New Constitution* (John Murray), Professor Dicey offers a critical examination of the new Home Rule Bill, which is altogether as clear, incisive, and well-tempered as his previous volume on the old Bill and the *Case Against Home Rule*. The "new Constitution" provided by Mr. Gladstone's present measure is well described as closing no controversy, while it opens a revolution. Nominally it is a purely local measure, designed for an integral portion of the United Kingdom; in reality, it affects the whole United Kingdom, and substitutes for the spirit of unity, which has always characterized our Parliamentary government, the spirit of disintegration. Home Rule means now what Home Rule meant in 1886. But there is now not the slightest pretext for clinging to the fallacy that Home Rule for Ireland means, or could mean, a measure of reform for Ireland, local in application, and local in consequences and effects. Those who meant, in 1886, to grant a sort of Parliamentary independence to Ireland have "stumbled," to use Mr. Dicey's expressive term, into devising a new Constitution for the United Kingdom—"an incongruous patchwork affair made up of shreds and tatters torn from the institutions of other lands." No wonder is it that the Home Rule Bill should bear the marks of its fortuitous origin and of the various antagonistic factions that have agreed to band themselves for a season in its support. When there is but a sham cohesion in the party, how should there be consistency or coherence in the Bill? In his acute criticism of the "in-and-out" clause, Mr. Dicey concludes with a significant observation on this "flagrant contradiction" between the Gladstonian policy of 1886 and the Gladstonian policy of 1893. "It is an unfortunate coincidence," he remarks, "that the least defensible portion of an indefensible policy should, while it threatens ruin to England, offer temporary salvation to the party who rally round Mr. Gladstone." The late Mr. Freeman could not understand why the proposed exclusion of Irish members from Westminster should have been so strenuously opposed by Mr. Gladstone's supporters. Mr. Dicey explains the matter by pointing out that, were the Irish members withdrawn, the hopes of Disestablishers, Socialists, Welsh and other Home Rulers, and all descriptions of revolutionists and disintegrators, would be indefinitely postponed. They would lose their natural allies. It is hard, however, to make out the precise status of these "half members," as Mr. Freeman called them. What Home Rule really means is presented with striking force and clearness in Mr. Dicey's exposition of the powers with which the Bill invests the Irish Legislature. The long catalogue of all that the Irish Parliament will be legally competent to enact, even if the so-called "restrictions" pass—and, indeed, may confidently be expected of an Irish Ministry as it must inevitably be constituted—is sufficient to give sight to the blind, save those blind who shut their eyes as they leap into the dark. As to the restrictions, they bear on the powers of Parliament, but not one of them limits the powers of the Executive. "Yet in all countries," as Mr. Dicey observes, "there is far more reason to dread Executive than Parliamentary oppression, and this is emphatically true of Ireland." The restrictions, or safeguards, are even more significant in what is omitted than in what they comprise. Some of these omissions are decidedly "remarkable, if not ominous," as Mr. Dicey says. There is no prohibition against legislation which sets aside contracts, and none against the passing of an *ex post facto* law—one of the worst instruments of injustice. Yet the Constitution of the United States has provided for both contingencies, as Mr. Bryce, who is fond of citing that Constitution, and might be expected to figure as the contemporary Mackintosh to Mr. Dicey's Burke, is of course well aware of. And when the means provided for enforcing such restrictions as there are prove to be so inefficient as to practically nullify the restrictions, the value of those "safeguards" is apparent. That demonstration of the absurd is the finishing stroke of Mr. Dicey's criticism.

Old Hall, or St. Edmund's College, possesses in its archives letters and documents which have proved of great value to the President, the Very Rev. Bernard Ward, in compiling his *History of St. Edmund's College* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Among the material for these annals, which was found "heaped up in utter disorder," there are papers that appear to

have been brought from France to Old Hall during the Revolution, at the dispersion of the English College of Douay, which led to the establishment of St. Edmund's College in 1793. One of the refugees from Douay was the Rev. W. H. Coombes, who became one of the professors at Old Hall when constituted anew as St. Edmund's. The story of his escape is one of many curious documents which are incorporated in this interesting history. Another curious MS. is the list of rules and regulations for Standon Lordship School, which sprang from the lay school of Twyford in 1753, after the suspension of the older school in 1745. President Ward has worked out the ancestry of Old Hall, and proved its precise relations with the English Colleges in France. He traces the twofold descent of St. Edmund's from Douay and St. Omer, on the one hand; and from Twyford and Standon and Old Hall Green Academy, near Ware, on the other hand. In its English foundation Old Hall is by many years older than any other Catholic school in England. The remarkable vicissitudes of fortune it has known, both before the influx of collegians from Douay and St. Omer and since that period of prosperity, are strikingly presented in the President's History, the interest of which is further enhanced by the illustrations after old prints of portraits and college buildings.

Mr. T. Jeffery Parker's biographical sketch of his father—*William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S.* (Macmillan & Co.)—gives in brief space a clear and decidedly an impressive presentation of one of the most original men of science of our time. His individuality was strongly marked both in his writings and his lectures. We are not at all surprised to learn that he was a great and a captivating talker. It was not that he was original as one is who originates, or who startles his audience with the announcement of some promising discovery. The command of system, the sense of proportion, skill in formulating, and other properties usually found in the scientific mind, were not among the gifts of the late Hunterian professor. But he was richly endowed in eloquence and imagination; and master of a style that was strangely and attractively allusive. He could make the dead bones live, and persuade hearers or readers that cranial morphology was the one thing worth knowing. In the graceful tribute prefixed to Mr. Parker's sketch Professor Huxley has happily summed up the characteristics of Professor Parker. "I have never met," he writes, "with another such combination of minute accuracy in observation and boundless memory for details, with a vagrancy of imagination which absolutely rioted in the scenting out of subtle and far-fetched analogies."

Cap and Gown Comedy (A. & C. Black) is an exceedingly pleasant book, descriptive of the richly-varied experiences of a schoolmaster, whose observation of English schoolboys of all kinds is as many-sided as must have been his opportunities for practising it. Humour in the schoolmaster is, perhaps, more blessed than in another man. Certainly, the humour that irradiates these diverting and moving "Stories by a Schoolmaster" is an admirable and delightful humour. Like the quality of mercy, it is not strained. It is marked by an excellent reticence. It is exquisitely discreet. The comedy in which the appalling Dr. and Mrs. Spick, the revolting Master Periera, the excellent Toby, the philosophic Adams, and the rest, play their pleasing parts, never degenerates into the farcical and the extravagant. It is a sign of the original quality of this amusing book that one of the forms of its humour—and a perennial fount it is—is precisely that in which our new humourists delight themselves, and prove most dismal in the exercise. The singular aptness in quotation our author shows—especially in Shakspearian drama—is exemplified in a not less singular felicity of application, so full of variety is it, and so unforced. There is, indeed, something of the master in this allusive use of the incongruous suggestion. In the charming episode "A Deed without a Name" we have its highest manifestation. But all the stories are good.

The rage for translated fiction must surely be speedily quenched if many more specimens as ordinary as the Finnish tales of "Juhani Aho"—*Squire Hellman; and other Stories* (Fisher Unwin)—should be Englished as bait for a curious public. Mr. Nisbet Bain, the translator, has much to say of "the Finnish Novel"—he calls it the "baby of the great Romance Family"—and, for all we know of it, there may be examples that merit his commendation. But of this present addition to a far too numerous family it is hard to find anything to say. It is a superfluity and we prefer our home manufactures.

Another, and more tolerable, volume of the "Pseudonym Library" is Mr. Gausson's translation from the Russian, *A Father of Six* (Fisher Unwin). This is a rather affecting story of a poor deacon whose domestic happiness is wrecked just as he attains his ambition, which is to become a priest.

In Mr. Unwin's "Independent Novel" series we have a translation by Mr. John Nisbet, *A Constant Lover*, a pretty, if hyper-sentimental, romance by Wilhelm Hauff. At p. 77 "Tannensee" should be in the plural, and "because she was a one in the world" is neither English nor good translation.

Helen Brent, M.D. (Gay & Bird) has the appearance of a story, is styled "a social study," and is, in fact, a lay sermon on the eternal woman question, and as dull and tedious a product of the emancipated intelligence as any we can recall.

Mr. Barnett Smith's *Life and Enterprises of Ferdinand de Lesseps* (Allen & Co.) is a painstaking, if unduly laborious, record of the career of the great engineer. The Panama business occupies a considerable portion of the book, and yet is condensed with some skill. We sympathize with the writer's indignation with respect to the ingratitude of the Celt. "What can be more pitiful than the conduct of the Rouen municipality, which, immediately after the judgment, rechristened the Quai de Lesseps the Quai de Bois-Guilbert?" This Republican behaviour is, indeed, censurable, though it suggests the crumb of comfort that they still read Scott. Then, again, "some of his unworthy compatriots rushed to abandon him to obloquy," writes Mr. Barnett Smith, whose honest wrath is more commendable than his English.

Mrs. J. H. Chamberlain's *Town and Home Gardening* (Virtue & Co.) is a useful handbook for those who tend London gardens, conservatories, and window-culture of plants. The directions as to culture, and general gardening operations, have a practical value, being full of good sense and sound instruction. It is a pity that so much carelessness is shown in the printing of names. Thus the tulip-tree appears as *Magnolia acuminata* (p. 68). On p. 72 we have "*Garraga elliptica*," and, again incorrectly, "*Garraya elliptica*" (p. 73). Nor should we call this shrub a good wall-plant. It is odd to find *Hypericum Calycinum* in a list of "low-growing deciduous trees."

Among new editions we have Mr. H. Dunning Macleod's *Theory and Practice of Banking* (Longmans & Co.), Vol. II., fifth edition; *The Final Passover*, by the Rev. R. M. Benson, M.A. (Longmans & Co.), Vol. IV., fourth edition; *The Golden Treasury Psalter* (Macmillan & Co.); *Holy Thoughts for Quiet Moments*, by the Bishop of Quebec (Sutton & Co.); the seventh edition of *The Management of Accumulators*, by Sir David Salomons, Bart. (Whittaker & Co.), revised and enlarged; *Domestic Medicine and Hygiene*, by William J. Russell (Everett & Son); *The Risen Dead*, by Florence Marryat (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Isaac Eller's Money*, by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Fisher Unwin); and *Aldersyde*, by Annie S. Swan (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier).

We have also received *The Naval Annual for 1893* (Portsmouth: Griffin), edited by T. A. Brassey; the *Catalogue of St. Paul's Cathedral Library*, by Dr. Sparrow Simpson (Elliot Stock); *Royal Academy Pictures*, the supplement to *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.), a handsome volume of reproductions of Academy pictures; *London in 1893*, revised to date (Allen & Co.); *A Guide to Cromer and Neighbourhood*, by Mark Knights (Jarrold & Sons), new edition; the Great Eastern Railway's *Tourist Guide to the Continent*, by Percy Lindley, illustrated with map, new edition; a new "Holiday Handbook," also by Mr. Lindley, *The Hook of Holland*, dealing with the new Great Eastern route from Harwich to the Continent via the "Hoek van Holland" at the mouth of the Maas; *The Great Betrayal*; or, *the Invasion of East Anglia*, fourth edition (Marshall); *Geological and Solar Climes*, by Marsden Manson, O.E. (Dulau & Co.); Part 21 of the illustrated re-issue of the late Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.); *The American Journal of Mathematics*, edited by Simon Newcomb, issued by the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Vol. XXV. No. 2; *Poetical Works of Burns*, edited by J. R. Tutin (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the *Catalogue of the Peterborough Free Library*; *Pictures and Paintings of 1893*, an illustrated guide to the Royal Academy and other galleries (George Newnes, Limited); and a new edition of *Did Francis Bacon write "Shakspeare"?* (Banks & Son).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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British Museum,
June 30, 1893.
E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian and Secretary.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

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MUSEUM (Natural History), Cromwell Road, will be CLOSED on Thursday, July 6,
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